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FROM

Samuel Eliot Morison

ADVERTISEMENT.

The poems from page 208 to the end of this volume have been added to the contents of the English edition. This volume of Mrs. Hemans's works, and that lately published, comprise those of her writings, which have excited the greatest attention and the strongest interest ; with the exception of the poems which it is presumed will appear as collected by herself, in her expected volume, entitled "Records of Woman." This it is the intention of the present editor to republish, immediately upon its appearance.

The first two titlepages in this volume have been given for the convenience of those who may procure a complete set of the American edition of her works, by the present editor.

A. N.

POEMS
BY MRS. HEMANS.

VOL. II.

PART I.

Encl. vol. II, pt. II.

THE
FOREST SANCTUARY;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

BOSTON:
HILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS.

1827.

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THE
FOREST SANCTUARY.

Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen freuden,
Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar !
• • • • •
So ist des geistes ruf an mich ergangen,
Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen.

Die Jungfrau von Orleans.

Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffer'd bonds.

Remorse, a Tragedy.

THE following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country in the 16th century, takes refuge with his child in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

I.

THE voices of my home !—I hear them still !
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight !
I hear them still, unchang'd :—though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright !
Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home !

II.

They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
In the grey stillness of the summer morn,
They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born ;
Ev'n as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
Oh ! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

III.

And find mine ark !—yet whither ?—I must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave.
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery canes¹—hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave !—
So must it be !—These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies ?—Ye rest not here, my dead !

IV.

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
Save one !—a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
High o'er *one* gentle head—ye rest not here !—
’Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Not thy low riplings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chesnut groves, which fill mine ear ;
But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell.*

V.

Peace !—I will dash these fond regrets to earth,
Ev’n as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
From his strong pinion. Thou that gav’st me birth,
And lineage, and once home,—my native Spain !
My own bright land—my father’s land—my child’s !
What hath thy son brought from thee to the wilds ?
He hath brought marks of torture and the chain,
Traces of things which pass not as a breeze,
A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe—thy gifts are
these.

VI.

A blighted name !—I hear the winds of morn—
Their sounds are not of this !—I hear the shiver
Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne
From the high forest, when the light leaves quiver :
Their sounds are not of this !—the cedars, waving,
Lend it no tone : His wide savannahs laving,
It is not murmur'd by the joyous river !
What part hath mortal name, where God alone
Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its heart is known ?

VII.

Is it not much that I may worship Him,
With nought my spirit's breathings to control,
And feel His presence in the vast, and dim,
And whispering woods, where dying thunders roll
From the far cataracts ?—Shall I not rejoice
That I have learn'd at last to know *His* voice
From man's ?—I will rejoice !—my soaring soul
Now hath redeem'd her birth-right of the day,
And won, through clouds, to Him, her own unfetter'd way !

VIII.

And thou, my boy ! that silent at my knee
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
Fill'd with the love of childhood, which I see
Pure through its depths, a thing without disguise ;
Thou that hast breath'd in slumber on my breast,
When I have check'd its throbs to give thee rest,
Mine own ! whose young thoughts fresh before me rise !
Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,
And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful air ?

IX.

Why should I weep on thy bright head, my boy ?
Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,
Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell
For Spain of old.—Yet what if rolling waves
Have borne us far from our ancestral graves ?
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel
As mine hath done ; nor bear what I have borne,
Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant brow of scorn.

X.

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed child !
I have not sorrow'd, struggled, liv'd in vain—
Hear me ! magnificent and ancient wild ;
And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,
As deep meets deep ; and forests, whose dim shade
The flood's voice, and the wind's, by swells pervade ;
Hear me !—'tis well to die, and not complain,
Yet there are hours when the charged heart must speak,
Ev'n in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break !

XI.

I see an oak before me,³ it hath been
The crown'd one of the woods ; and might have flung
Its hundred arms to Heaven, still freshly green,
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage
 throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died, those serpent-folds among.
Alas ! alas !—what is it that I see ?
An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee !

XII.

Yet art thou lovely !—Song is on thy hills—
Oh sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
That lull'd my boyhood, how your memory thrills
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain !—
Your sounds are on the rocks—that I might hear
Once more the music of the mountaineer !—
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race.

XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden day,
Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear, yet lone,
In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,
And from the fields the peasant's voice was gone ;
And the red grapes untrodden strew'd the ground,
And the free flocks untended roam'd around :
Where was the pastor ?—where the pipe's wild tone ?
Music and mirth were hush'd the hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet pour'd its throng.

XIV.

Silence upon the mountains!—But within
The city's gates a rush—a press—a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win ;
And heavy boomings of a dull deep bell,
A dead pause following each—like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after knell ;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane !

XV.

What pageant's hour approach'd ?—The sullen gate
Of a strong ancient prison-house was thrown
Back to the day. And who, in mournful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold-stone ?
They that had learn'd, in cells of secret gloom,
How sunshine is forgotten !—They, to whom
The very features of mankind were grown
Things that bowlder'd !—O'er their dazzled sight,
'They lifted their wan hands, and cower'd before the light !

XVI.

To this man brings his brother !—Some were there,
Who with their desolation had entwin'd
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, ev'n as warriors bind
The breast-plate on for fight ; but brow and cheek
Seem'd *theirs* a torturing panoply to speak !
And there were some, from whom the very mind
Had been wrung out : they smil'd—oh ! startling smile
Whence man's high soul is fled !—where doth it sleep the
while ?

XVII.

But onward moved the melancholy train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry !
Through thousands, thousands of their race they mov'd—
Oh ! how unlike all others !—the beloved,
The free, the proud, the beautiful ! whose eye
Grew fix'd before them, while a people's breath
Was hush'd and its one soul bound in the thought of death !

XVIII.

It might be that amidst the countless throng,
There swell'd some heart with Pity's weight oppress'd,
For the wide stream of human love is strong ;
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast
Childhood is rear'd, and at whose knee the sigh
Of its first prayer is breathed, she, too, was nigh.
—But life is dear, and the free footstep bless'd,
And home a sunny place, where each may fill
Some eye with glistening smiles,—and therefore all were
still—

XIX.

All still—youth, courage, strength !—a winter laid,
A chain of palsy, cast on might and mind !
Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade,
They stood, those breathless masses of mankind ;
Still, as a frozen torrent !—but the wave
Soon leaps to foaming freedom—they, the brave,
Endured—they saw the martyr's place assign'd
In the red flames—whence is the withering spell
That numbs each human pulse ?—they saw, and thought
it well.

XX.

And I, too, thought it well ! That very morn
From a far land I came, yet round me clung
The spirit of my own. No hand had torn
With a strong grasp away the veil which hung
Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw,
Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
I watch'd the fearful rites ; and if there sprung
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup.

XXI.

But I was waken'd as the dreamers waken
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,
And they must battle till their blood is shed
On their own threshold-floor. A path for light
Through my torn breast was shatter'd by the might
Of the swift thunder-stroke—and Freedom's tread
Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain,
Making the blighted place all green with life again.

XXII.

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,
Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
And mark'd its victims with a tearless eye.
They moved before me but as pictures, wrought
Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
Till in his place came one—oh ! could it be ?
—My friend, my heart's first friend !—and did I gaze on
thee ?

XXIII.

On thee ! with whom in boyhood I had play'd,
At the grape-gatherings, by my native streams ;
And to whose eye my youthful soul had laid
Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world of dreams ;
And by whose side 'midst warriors I had stood,
And in whose helm was brought—oh ! earn'd with
blood !—
The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic beams
Smote on my fever'd brow !—Ay, years had pass'd,
Severing our paths, brave friend !—and *thus* we met at last !

XXIV.

I see it still—the lofty mien thou borest—
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of power !
The very look that once thou brightly worest,
Cheering me onward through a fearful hour,
When we were girt by Indian bow and spear,
'Midst the white Andes—ev'n as mountain deer,
Hemm'd in our camp—but through the javelin shower
We rent our way, a tempest of despair !
—And thou—hadst thou but died with thy true brethren
there !

XXV.

I call the fond wish back—for thou hast perish'd
More nobly far, my Alvar !—making known
The might of Truth ;⁴ and be thy memory cherish'd
With theirs, the thousands, that around her throne
Have pour'd their lives out smiling, in that doom
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb !
—Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,
And with the wind their spirit shall be spread,
Filling man's heart and home with records of the dead.

XXVI.

Thou Searcher of the Soul ! in whose dread sight
Not the bold guilt alone, that mocks the skies,
But the scarce-own'd, unwhisper'd thought of night,
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies ;
Thou know'st—whose eye through shade and depth can
 see,
That this man's crime was but to worship thee,
Like those that made their hearts thy sacrifice,
The call'd of yore ; wont by the Saviour's side,
On the dim Olive-Mount to pray at eventide.

XXVII.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay-abode ;
And, born of thee, she may not always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of God ;
And ev'n for this—O dust, whose mask is power !
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little hour !
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod,
And therefore thou destroyest !—where were flown
Our hope, if man were left to man's decree alone ?

XXVIII.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze
On him, my friend ; while that swift moment threw
A sudden freshness back on vanish'd days,
Like water-drops on some dim picture's hue ;
Calling the proud time up, when first I stood
Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
And he—his sword was like a brother's worn,
That watches through the field his mother's youngest born.

XXIX.

But a lance met me in that day's career,
Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping fight,
Wakening at last—how full, how strangely clear,
That scene on memory flash'd !—the shivery light,
Moonlight, on broken shields—the plain of slaughter,
The fountain-side—the low sweet sound of water—
And Alvar bending o'er me—from the night
Covering me with his mantle !—all the past
Flow'd back—my soul's far chords all answer'd to the blast.

XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became
As one that by the bands of slumber wound,
Lies with a powerless, but all-thrilling frame,
Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,
Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings
Lov'd faces round him, girt with fearful things !
Troubled ev'n thus I stood, but chain'd and bound
On that familiar form mine eye to keep—
—Alas ! I might not fall upon his neck and weep !

XXXI.

He pass'd me !—and what next ?—I look'd on two,
Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters !⁶—Well I knew
The beauty on those brows, though each young face
Was chang'd—so deeply chang'd ! a dungeon's air
Is hard for lov'd and lovely things to bear,
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
Queen-like Theresa ! radiant Inez !—flowers
So cherish'd ! were ye then but rear'd for those dark hours ?

XXXII.

A mournful home, young sisters ! had ye left,
With your lutes hanging hush'd upon the wall,
And silence round the aged man, bereft
Of each glad voice, once answering to his call.
Alas, that lonely father ! doom'd to pine
For sounds departed in his life's decline,
And, 'midst the shadowing banners of his hall,
With his white hair to sit, and deem the name
A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame !⁶

XXXIII.

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words of love,
And gentle hearts and faces, nurs'd so long !
How had I seen you in your beauty move,
Wearing the wreath, and listening to the song !
—Yet sat, ev'n then, what seem'd the crowd to shun,
Half veil'd upon the clear pale brow of one,
And deeper thoughts than oft to youth belong,
Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispery sway,
Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay.

XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present, though afar.
Yet would she smile—and that, too, hath its smile—
Circled with joy which reach'd her not the while,
And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

XXXV.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might
Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,
A treasure all undreamt of ;—as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day. It seem'd as if her breast
Had hoarded energies, till then suppress'd
Almost with pain, and bursting from control,
And finding first that hour their pathway free :
—Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be !

XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung
On her fair brow, beneath its garlands worn,
Was fled ; and fire, like prophecy's had sprung
Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn—
Pride—sense of wrong—ay, the frail heart is bound
By these at times, ev'n as with adamant round,
Kept so from breaking !—yet not *thus* upborne
She moved, though some sustaining passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the brave !

XXXVII.

And yet, alas ! to see the strength which clings
Round woman in such hours !—a mournful sight,
Though lovely !—an o'erflowing of the springs,
The full springs of affection, deep as bright !
And she, because her life is ever twined
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken, and because the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore she thus can
die.

XXXVIII.

Therefore didst *thou*, through that heart-shaking scene,
As through a triumph move ; and cast aside
Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's mien,
O faithful sister ! cheering thus the guide,
And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,
Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,
Where thy glad soul from earth was purified ;
Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the past,
That he should see thy step grow tremulous at last.

XXXIX.

For thou hadst made no deeper love a guest
'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which grows
Between the nurtured of the same fond breast,
The shelter'd of one roof ; and thus it rose
Twined in with life.—How is it, that the hours
Of the same sport, the gathering early flowers
Round the same tree, the sharing one repose,
And mingling one first prayer in murmurs soft,
From the heart's memory fade, in this world's breath, so
oft ?

XL.

But thee that breath had touch'd not ; thee, nor him,
The true in all things found !—and thou wert blest
Ev'n then, that no remember'd change could dim
The perfect image of affection, press'd
Like armour to thy bosom !—thou hadst kept
Watch by that brother's couch of pain, and wept,
Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest
Fled from the sufferer ; thou hadst bound his faith
Unto thy soul—one light, one hope ye chose—one death.

XLI.

So didst thou pass on brightly !—but for her,
Next in that path, how may *her* doom be spoken !
—All-merciful ! to think that such things were,
And *are*, and seen by men with hearts unbroken !
To think of that fair girl, whose path had been
So strew'd with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene !
And whose quick glance came ever as a token
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods rejoice !

XLII.

And she to die !—she lov'd the laughing earth
With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers !
—Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers ?
Yes ! but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
Which, oft unconsciously, in happier hours
Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the sway
Of Time and Death below,—blight, shadow, dull decay !

XLIII.

Could this change be ?—the hour, the scene, where last
I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind :
—A golden vintage-eve ;—the heats were pass'd,
And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
Her father sat, where gleam'd the first faint star
Through the lime-boughs ; and with her light guitar,
She, on the greensward at his feet reclined,
In his calm face laugh'd up ; some shepherd-lay
Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play.

XLIV.

And now—oh God !—the bitter fear of death,
The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,
Had grasp'd her !—panting in her quick-drawn breath,
And in her white lips quivering ;—onward led,
She look'd up with her dim bewilder'd eyes,
And there smil'd out her own soft brilliant skies,
Far in their sultry southern azure spread,
Glowing with joy, but silent !—still they smil'd,
Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trembling child.

XLV.

Alas ! that earth had all too strong a hold,
Too fast, sweet Inez ! on thy heart, whose bloom
Was given to early love, nor knew how cold
The hours which follow. There was one, with whom,
Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried,
Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly have died ;
But he was far away ;—and with thy doom
Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear,
That all thy slight frame shook with its cold mortal fear !

XLVI.

No aid!—thou too didst pass!—and all had pass'd,
The fearful—and the desperate—and the strong!
Some like the bark that rushes with the blast,
Some like the leaf swept shivering along,
And some as men, that have but one more field
To fight, and then may slumber on their shield,
Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng
Roll'd on, and bore me with their living tide,
Ev'n as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.

XLVII.

Wave swept on wave. We reach'd a stately square,
Deck'd for the rites. An altar stood on high,
And gorgeous, in the midst. A place for prayer,
And praise, and offering. Could the earth supply
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all
Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?
No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
As when before their God the Patriarchs stood?
—Look down! man brings thee, Heaven! his brother's
guiltless blood!

XLVIII.

Hear its voice, hear !—a cry goes up to thee,
From the stain'd sod ;—make thou thy judgment known
On him, the shedder !—let his portion be
The fear that walks at midnight—give the moan
In the wind haunting him a power to say
“ Where is thy brother ? ”—and the stars a ray
To search and shake his spirit, when alone
With the dread splendor of their burning eyes !
—So shall earth own thy will—mercy, not sacrifice !

XLIX.

Sounds of triumphant praise !—the mass was sung—
—Voices that die not might have pour'd such strains !
Through Salem's towers might that proud chant have
rung,
When the Most High, on Syria's palmy plains,
Had quell'd her foes !—so full it swept, a sea
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free !
—Oft when the wind, as through resounding fanes,
Hath fill'd the choral forests with its power,
Some deep tone brings me back the music of that hour.

L.

It died away ;—the incense-cloud was driven
Before the breeze—the words of doom were said ;
And the sun faded mournfully from heaven,
—He faded mournfully ! and dimly red,
Parting in clouds from those that look'd their last,
And sigh'd—" Farewell, thou sun !"—Eve glow'd and
pass'd—
Night—midnight and the moon—came forth and shed
Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled spot—
Save one—a place of death—and there men slumber'd not.

LI.

'Twas not within the city⁷—but in sight
Of the snow-crown'd sierras, freely sweeping,
With many an eagle's eyrie on the height,
And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping
Far off : and vales between, and vineyards lay,
With sound and gleam of waters on their way,
And chesnut-woods, that girt the happy sleeping,
In many a peasant-home !—the midnight sky
Brought softly that rich world round those that came to die.

LII.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain,
Burning with stars !—What had the torches' glare
To do beneath that Temple, and profane
Its holy radiance ?—By their wavering flare,
I saw beside the pyres—I see thee *now*,
O bright Theresa ! with thy lifted brow,
And thy clasp'd hands, and dark eyes fill'd with prayer !
And thee, sad Inez ! bowing thy fair head,
And mantling up thy face, all colourless with dread !

LIII.

And Alvar, Alvar !—I beheld thee too,
Pale, stedfast, kingly ; till thy clear glance fell
On that young sister ; then perturb'd it grew,
And all thy labouring bosom seem'd to swell
With painful tenderness. Why came I there,
That troubled image of my friend to bear,
Thence, for my after-years ?—a thing to dwell
In my heart's core, and on the darkness rise,
Disquieting my dreams with its bright mournful eyes ?

LIV.

Why came I? oh! the heart's deep mystery!—Why
In man's last hour doth vain affection's gaze
Fix itself down on struggling agony,
To the dimm'd eye-balls freezing, as they glaze?
It might be—yet the power to will seem'd o'er—
That my soul yearn'd to hear his voice once more!
But mine was fetter'd!—mute in strong amaze,
I watch'd his features as the night-wind blew,
And torch-light or the moon's pass'd o'er their marble hue.

LV.

The trampling of a steed!—a tall white steed,
Rending his fiery way the crowds among—
A storm's way through a forest—came at speed,
And a wild voice cried “Inez!” Swift she flung
The mantle from her face, and gazed around,
With a faint shriek at that familiar sound,
And from his seat a breathless rider sprang,
And dash'd off fiercely those who came to part,
And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

LVI.

And for a moment all around gave way
To that full burst of passion!—on his breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
But blest—in misery's very lap—yet blest!—
Oh love, love, strong as death!—from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power,
Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!
How could we thence be wean'd to die without despair?

LVII.

But she—as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twined
Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,
A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if nought earthly might th' embrace unbind!
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill!

LVIII.

Brief rest ! upon the turning billow's height,
A strange sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts of night,
That sweep the seas to foam ! Soon dark again
The hour—the scene—th' intensely present, rush'd
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
Like blood-drops from a victim ; with swift rain
Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that hour,
As if her life would melt into the o'erswelling shower.

LIX.

But he, whose arm sustain'd her !—oh ! I knew
'Twas vain, and yet he hoped !—he fondly strove
Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
As life might yet be hers !—A dream of love
Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flowering youth !

LX.

He woo'd her back to life.—“ Sweet Inez, live !
My blessed Inez !—visions have beguiled
Thy heart—abjure them !—thou wert form'd to give
And to find, joy ; and hath not sunshine smiled
Around thee ever ? Leave me not, mine own !
Or earth will grow too dark !—for thee alone,
Thee have I loved, thou gentlest ! from a child,
And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
Thy soft voice in my soul—speak !—Oh ! yet live for me ! ”

LXI.

She look'd up wildly ; there were anxious eyes
Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled thought,
Alvar's—Theresa's !—Did her childhood rise,
With all its pure and home-affections fraught,
In the brief glance ?—She clasp'd her hands—the strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—break !

LXII.

And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd and faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
Through its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings pass'd
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—~~she~~ !—what had loved was
gone !

LXIII.

Joy for thee, trembler !—thou redeem'd one, joy !
Young dove set free ! earth, ashes, soulless clay,
Remain'd for baffled vengeance to destroy ;
—*Thy* chain was riven !—nor hadst thou cast away
Thy hope in thy last hour !—though love was there
Striving to wring thy troubled soul from prayer,
And life seem'd robed in beautiful array,
Too fair to leave !—but this might be forgiven,
Thou wert so richly crown'd with precious gifts of Heaven !

LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow still,
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain
Breaking on his !—Scarce could the mortal chill
Of the hush'd bosom, ne'er to heave again,
And all the silence curdling round the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that she could die,
That she indeed could die !—for wild and vain
As hope might be—his soul *had* hoped—'twas o'er—
—Slowly his failing arms dropp'd from the form they bore.

LXV.

They forced him from that spot.—It might be well,
That the fierce, reckless words by anguish wrung
From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell,
Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents flung,
Were mark'd as guilt.—There are, who note these things
Against the smitten heart ; its breaking strings
—On whose low thrills once gentle music hung—
With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange tones
replying.

LXVI.

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair !
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust ;
I saw your features by the torch's glare,
And they were brightening with a heavenward trust !
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away,
And peace was there—the calmness of the just !
And, bending down the slumberer's brow to kiss,
“Thy rest is won,” he said ;—“sweet sister ! praise for
this !”

LXVII.

I started as from sleep ;—yes ! he had spoken—
A breeze had troubled memory's hidden source !
At once the torpor of my soul was broken—
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in tenfold force.
—There are soft breathings in the southern wind,
That so your ice-chains, O ye streams ! unbind,
And free the foaming swiftness of your course !
—I burst from those that held me back, and fell
Ev'n on his neck, and cried—“Friend, brother ! fare
thee well !”

LXVIII.

Did *he* not say "Farewell?"—Alas! no breath
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the throng
Told that the mysteries in the face of death
Had from their eager sight been veil'd too long.
And we were parted as the surge might part
Those that would die together, true of heart.
—*His* hour was come—but in mine anguish strong,
Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea,
Blindly I rush'd away from that which was to be.

LXIX.

Away—away I rush'd;—but swift and high
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
Till the transparent darkness of the sky
Flush'd to a blood-red mantle in their hue;
And, phantom-like, the kindling city seem'd
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they stream'd,
With their wild splendour chasing me!—I knew
The death-work was begun—I veil'd mine eyes,
Yet stopp'd in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries.

LXX.

What heard I then ?—a ringing shriek of pain,
Such as forever haunts the tortured ear ?
—I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain
Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear !
—The rich, triumphal tones !—I knew them well,
As they came floating with a breezy swell !
Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to cheer
In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the flying—
Woman's—that might have sung of Heaven beside the
dying !

LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing,
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know
That its glad stream of melody could spring
Up from th' unsounded gulfs of human woe !
Alvar ! Theresa !—what is deep ? what strong ?
—God's breath within the soul !—It fill'd that song
From your victorious voices !—but the glow
On the hot air and lurid skies increased—
Faint grew the sounds—more faint—I listen'd—they
had ceased !

LXXII.

And thou indeed hadst perish'd, my soul's friend !
I might form other ties—but thou alone
Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness rend,
By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown !
Others might aid me onward :—Thou and I
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
Once flowering—never more !—And thou wert gone !
Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been to me ?

LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave !
I could not weep !—there gather'd round thy name
Too deep a passion !—*thou* denied a grave !
Thou, with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame !
Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time ?
Thy heart of hearts ?—and couldst thou die for crime ?
—No ! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
I would have set, against all earth's decree,
Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee !

LXXIV.

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in their might !
They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers
Unto th' undoubting mind ;—they pour in light
Where it but startles—like a burst of day
For which th' uprooting of an oak makes way ;—
They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
They touch with fire thought's graven page, the roll
Stamp'd with past years—and lo ! it shrivels as a scroll !

LXXV.

And this was of such hours !—the sudden flow
Of my soul's tide seem'd whelming me ; the glare
Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,
Scorch'd up my heart with breathless thirst for air,
And solitude, and freedom. It had been
Well with me then, in some vast desert scene,
To pour my voice out, for the winds to bear
On with them, wildly questioning the sky,
Fiercely th' untroubled stars, of man's dim destiny.

LXXVI.

I would have call'd, adjuring the dark cloud ;
To the most ancient heavens I would have said
—" Speak to me ! show me truth ! " ⁸—through night
aloud
I would have cried to him, the newly dead,
" Come back ! and show me truth ! "—My spirit seem'd
Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teem'd
With such pent storms of thought !—again I fled—
I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain,
Scarce conscious when I paused, entering a lonely fane.

LXXVII.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast !
Silence was round the sleepers, whom its floor
Shut in the grave ; a shadow of the past,
A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement, seem'd to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude,
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,
And all was hush'd as night in some deep Alpine glen.

LXXVIII.

More hush'd, far more !—for there the wind sweeps by,
Or the woods tremble to the streams' loud play !
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
Seem for the place too much a sound of day !
Too much my footstep broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading ;
And I stood still :—prayer, chant, had died away,
Yet past me floated a funereal breath
Of incense.—I stood still—as before God and death !

LXXIX.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long-departed !⁹
Dust—imaged form—with cross, and shield, and crest ;
It seem'd as if your ashes would have started,
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest !
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what *I* bore
Of wrath—doubt—anguish—battling in the breast !
I could have pour'd out words, on that pale air,
To make your proud tombs ring :—no, no ! I could not
there !

LXXX.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years
Mutely as clouds and reverently had swept ;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
And kneeling votaries on their marble kept !
Ye were too mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb !
And you, ye dead !—for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain's on my heart,
Which could not *there* be loosed.—I turn'd me to depart.

LXXXI.

I turn'd—what glimmer'd faintly on my sight,
Faintly, yet brightening, as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze ?—The moon, the night,
Had waned, and dawn pour'd in ;—grey, shadowy, slow,
Yet day-spring still !—a solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
With stoles and draperies of imperial glow ;
And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam was thrown,
Where, pale, a pictured form above the altar shone.

LXXXII.

Thy form, thou Son of God !—a wrathful deep,
With foam, and cloud, and tempest, round thee spread,
And such a weight of night !—a night, when sleep
From the fierce rocking of the billows fled.
A bark show'd dim beyond thee, with its mast
Bow'd, and its rent sail shivering to the blast ;
But, like a spirit in thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for thee.

LXXXIII.

So still thy white robes fell !—no breath of air
Within their long and slumberous folds had sway !
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From thy clear brow flow'd droopingly away !
Dark were the heavens above thee, Saviour !—dark
The gulfs, Deliverer ! round the straining bark !
But thou !—o'er all thine aspect and array
Was pour'd one stream of pale, broad, silvery light—
—Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night !

LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking !—Thy lone brightness gleam'd
On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful, *human* look that seem'd
To cry through surge and blast—"I perish—save !"
Not to the winds—not vainly !—thou wert nigh,
Thy hand was stretch'd to fainting agony,
Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave !
O thou that art the life ! and yet didst bear
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer !

LXXXV.

But was it not a thing to rise on death,
With its remember'd light, that face of thine,
Redeemer ! dimm'd by this world's misty breath,
Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine ?
—Oh ! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty !
And the pale glory of the brow !—a shrine
Where Power sat veil'd, yet shedding softly round
What told that *thou* couldst be but for a time uncrown'd !

LXXXVI.

And more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile !
The lip of mercy, our immortal trust !
Did not that look, that very look, erewhile,
Pour its o'ershadow'd beauty on the dust ?
Wert thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er
thee ?
—Surely thou wert !—my heart grew hush'd before thee,
Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
Sank at thy voice, along its billowy way :—
—What had I there to do, but kneel, and weep, and pray ?

LXXXVII.

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry,
Amidst the dead—" By that full cup of woe,
Press'd from the fruitage of mortality,
Saviour ! for thee—give light ! that I may know
If by *thy* will, in thine all-healing name,
Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame,
And early death—and say, if this be so,
Where then is mercy ?—whither shall we flee,
So unallied to hope, save by our hold on thee ?

LXXXVIII.

“ But didst thou not, the deep sea brightly treading,
Lift from despair that struggler with the wave ?
And wert thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shedding,
Beheld, a weeper at a mortal's grave ?
And is this weight of anguish, which they bind
On life, this searing to the quick of mind,
That but to God its own free path would crave,
This crushing out of hope, and love, and youth,
Thy will indeed ?—Give light ! that I may know the truth !

LXXXIX.

“ For my sick soul is darken'd unto death,
With shadows from the suffering it hath seen ;
The strong foundations of mine ancient faith
Sink from beneath me—whereon shall I lean ?
—Oh ! if from thy pure lips was wrung the sigh
Of the dust's anguish ! if like man to die,
—And earth round *him* shuts heavily—hath been
Even to *thee* bitter, aid me !—guide me !—turn
My wild and wandering thoughts back from their starless
bourhe ! ”

XC.

And calm'd I rose :—but how the while had risen
Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and shade !
—Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison,
In the bright world such radiance might pervade ?
It fill'd the fane, it mantled the pale form
Which rose before me through the pictured storm,
Even the grey tombs it kindled, and array'd
With life !—how hard to see thy race begun,
And think man wakes to grief, wakening to *thee*, O sun !

XCI.

I sought my home again :—and thou, my child,
There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,
With eyes, whose lightning laughter¹⁰ hath beguiled
A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine ;
Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet
My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet,
Seem'd on my soul all mournfully to shine,
And ask a happier heritage for thee,
Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

XCII.

Now sport, for thou art free—the bright birds chasing,
Whose wings waft star-light gleams from tree to tree ;
Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate racing,
Sport on, my joyous child ! for thou art free !
Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,
And inly vow'd, for thee a better part
To choose ; that so thy sunny bursts of glee
Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe,
But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on—as now they flow.

XCIII.

Thou hast a rich world round thee :—Mighty shades
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's :¹¹ but the dead
Sleep not beneath ; nor doth the sunbeam pass
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass ;
Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
To worship, thou art blest !—to thee is shown
Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone.

THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

PART SECOND.

Wie diese treue liebe Seele
Von ihrem Glauben voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig quäle
Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll!

FAUST.

I never shall smile more—but all my days
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,
An everlasting hymn within my soul.

WILSON.

I.

BRING me the sounding of the torrent-water,
With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze, awake !¹²
And river, darkening ne'er with hues of slaughter
Thy wave's pure silvery green,—and shining lake,
Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone
Of ancient woods, ye chainless things and lone !
Send voices through the forest aisles, and make
Glad music round me, that my soul may dare,
Cheer'd by such tones, to look back on a dungeon's air !

II.

Oh, Indian hunter of the desert's race !
That with the spear at times, or bended bow,
Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe ;
Thou that beside the red night-fire thou heapest,
Beneath the cedars and the star-light sleepest,
Thou know'st not, wanderer—never may'st thou
know !—

Of the dark holds wherewith man cumbereth earth,
To shut from human eyes the dancing seasons' mirth.

III.

There, fetter'd down from day, to think the while
How bright in heaven the festal sun is glowing,
Making earth's loneliest places, with his smile,
Flush like the rose : and how the streams are flowing
With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,
And water-flowers, all trembling as they pass ;
And how the rich dark summer-trees are bowing
With their full foliage ;—this to know, and pine
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern lot—'twas mine.

IV.

Wherefore was this?—Because my soul had drawn
Light from the book whose words are graven in light!
There, at its well-head, had I found the dawn,
And day, and noon of freedom :—but too bright
It shines on that which man to man hath given,
And call'd the truth—the very truth, from Heaven!
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight,
To cast the mote ; and therefore strives to bind
With his strong chains to earth, what is not earth's—the
mind !

V.

It is a weary and a bitter task
Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
And to shut out Heaven's air with falsehood's mask,
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
Indignant feelings—making even of thought
A buried treasure, which may but be sought
When shadows are abroad—and night—and sleep.
I might not brook it long—and thus was thrown
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.

VI.

And I a child of danger, whose delights
Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas—
I, that amidst the Cordillera heights
Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,
And the full circle of the rainbow seen
There, on the snows;¹³ and in my country been
A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
To the Morena crags—how left I not
Life, or the soul's life quench'd, on that sepulchral spot?

VII.

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, oh, my God!
Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old
Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
And made the caverns of the rock their fold,
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed,
And met when stars met, by their beams to hold
The free heart's communing with Thee,—and Thou
Wert in the midst, felt, own'd—the strengthener then as
now!

VIII.

Yet once I sank. Alas ! man's wavering mind !
Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it blow ?
How they bear with them, floating uncombin'd,
The shadows of the past, that come and go,
As o'er the deep the old long-buried things,
Which a storm's working to the surface brings !
Is the reed shaken, and must we be so,
With every wind ?—So, Father ! must we be,
Till we can fix undimm'd our stedfast eyes on Thee.

IX.

Once my soul died within me. What had thrown
That sickness o'er it ?—Even a passing thought
Of a clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'ergrown,
Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought !
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell
Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,
Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught
Some tone from memory, of the music, welling
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling.

X.

But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought,
Wakening, it might be, to the faint sad sound,
That from the darkness of the walls they brought
A loved scene round me, visibly around.¹⁴
Yes ! kindling, spreading, brightening, hue by hue,
Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood !—till the bound
Of my shut cavern seem'd dissolv'd, and I
Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of sky.

XI.

I look'd—and lo ! the clear broad river flowing,
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a heaven all glowing,
Like seas of glass and fire !—I saw the sweep
Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
And the red evening on its waves asleep ;
And midst the scene—oh ! more than all—there smil'd
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child !

XII.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
Last by that river, and in silence gazed
On the rich world of sunset :—but a flood
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppress'd,
And I rush'd forward with a yearning breast,
To clasp—alas ! a vision !—Wave and wood,
And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

XIII.

Then darkness !—oh ! th' unutterable gloom
That seem'd as narrowing round me, making less
And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,
That bright dream vanish'd from my loneliness !
It floated off, the beautiful !—yet left
Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,
I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,
And pray'd to die.—How oft would sorrow weep
Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep !

XIV.

But I was roused—and how ?—It is no tale
Even 'midst *thy* shades, thou wilderness to tell !
I would not have my boy's young cheek made pale,
Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befel
In that drear prison-house.—His eye must grow
More dark with thought, more earnest his fair brow,
More high his heart in youthful strength must swell ;
So shall it fitly burn when all is told :—
Let childhood's radiant mist the free child yet enfold !

XV.

It is enough that through such heavy hours,
As wring us by our fellowship of clay,
I lived, and undegraded. We have powers
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away !
Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,
Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's high name
Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering sway ?
It is enough that Torture may be vain—
I had seen Alvar die—the strife was won from Pain.

XVI.

And faint not, heart of man ! though years wane slow !
There have been those that from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses, below
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves !
I was of such at last !—unchain'd I trod
This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God !

XVII.

That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
Down life's far sweeping tide !—A dim, wild night,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light !
The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the sea—
The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
The thousand streams !—I could but gaze through
tears—
Oh ! what a sight is Heaven, thus first beheld for years !

XVIII.

The rolling clouds !—they have the whole blue space
Above to sail in—all the dome of sky !
My soul shot with them in their breezy race
O'er star and gloom !—but I had yet to fly,
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot,
And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew it not ;—
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
And traversed but by storms, or sounding eagles' wings.

XIX.

Ay, and I met the storm there !—I had gain'd
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread :
A moan went past me, and the dark trees rain'd
Their autumn foliage rustling on my head ;
A moan—a hollow gust—and there I stood
Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
And foaming water.—Thither might have fled
The mountain Christian with his faith of yore,
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing western shore !

XX.

But through the black ravine the storm came swelling—
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast !
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast !
A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave—
Booming it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave ;
A falcon soar'd ; a startled wild-deer pass'd ;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar—
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more !

XXI.

And with the arrowy lightnings !—for they flash'd,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray !
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
And all the mountain-voices on their way,—
Was it not joy ?—'twas joy in rushing might,
After those years that wove but one long dead of night !

XXII.

There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon,
And lit me to my home of youth again,
Through the dim chesnut shade, where oft at noon,
By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain,
In gentle sleep : but now I pass'd as one
That may not pause where wood-streams whispering run,
Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain,
Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,
The foe's quick rustling step close on the leaves behind.

XXIII.

My home of youth !—oh ! if indeed to part
With the soul's loved ones be a mournful thing,
When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
And bearing all the glories of our spring
For life to breathe on,—is it less to meet,
When these are faded ?—who shall call it sweet ?
—Even though love's mingling tears may haply bring
Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers
Teach us how much is lost of all that once was ours !

XXIV.

Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,
Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing sky,
Nor the faint flower-scents,¹⁵ as they come and go
In the soft air, like music wandering by ;
—Oh ! not by these, th' unfailing, are we taught
How time and sorrow on our frames have wrought,
But by the sadden'd eye, the darken'd brow,
Of kindred aspects, and the long dim gaze,
Which tells us ~~we~~ we are changed,—how changed from other
days !

XXV.

Before my father—in my place of birth,
I stood an alien. On the very floor
Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth,
The love that rear'd me, knew my face no more !
There hung the antique armour, helm and crest,
Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast,
There droop'd the banner, with the marks it bore
Of Paynim spears ; and I, the worn in frame
And heart, what there was I?—another and the same !

XXVI.

Then bounded in a boy, with clear dark eye—
—How should *he* know his father?—when we parted,
From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,
His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted
Its first looks round. Him follow'd one, the bride
Of my young days, the wife how loved and tried !
Her glance met mine—I could not speak—she started
With a bewilder'd gaze ;—until there came
Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her name.

XXVII.

She knew me then !—I murmur'd "*Leonor !* "
And her heart answer'd !—oh ! the voice is known
First from all else, and swiftest to restore
Love's buried images with one low tone,
That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded.
And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,
And all the brightness from the aspect gone !
—Upon my breast she sunk, when doubt was fled,
Weeping as those may weep, that meet in woe and dread.

XXVIII.

For there we might not rest. Alas! to leave
Those native towers, and know that they must fall
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
When the weeds cluster'd on the lonely wall!
We were the last—my boy and I—the last
Of a long line which brightly thence had pass'd!
My father bless'd me as I left his hall—
—With his deep tones and sweet, though full of years,
He bless'd me there, and bathed my child's young head
with tears.

XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs down,
And cast the darkness of my branded name
(For so *he* deem'd it) on the clear renown,
My own ancestral heritage of fame.
And yet he bless'd me!—Father! if the dust
Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust
Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame
Dim the bright day no more; and thou wilt know
That not through guilt thy son thus bow'd thine age with
woe!

XXX.

And thou, my Leonor ! that unrepining,
If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,
When stars—the stars that earliest rise—are shining,
How their soft glance unseals each thought of thee !
For on our flight they smiled ;—their dewy rays,
Through the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze
Back to the home we never more might see ;
So pass'd we on, like earth's first exiles, turning
Fond looks where hung the sword above their Eden burning.

XXXI.

It was a woe to say—" Farewell, my Spain !
The sunny and the vintage land, farewell !"
—I could have died upon the battle plain
For thee, my country ! but I might not dwell
In thy sweet vales, at peace.—The voice of song
Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along ;
The citron's glow is caught from shade and dell ;
But what are these ?—upon thy flowery sod
I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts out to God !

XXXII.

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep !
—Strange heart of man ! that ev'n 'midst woe swells
 high,
When through the foam he sees his proud bark sweep,
Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky !
Yes ! it swells high, whate'er he leaves behind ;
His spirit rises with the rising wind ;
For, wedded to the far futurity,
On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore to gain.

XXXIII.

Not thus is woman. Closely *her* still heart
Doth twine itself with ev'n each lifeless thing,
Which, long remember'd, seem'd to bear its part
In her calm joys. For ever would she cling,
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth
Where she hath loved, and given her children birth,
And heard their first sweet voices. There may Spring
Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
But hath its breath of home, its claim to farewell grief.

XXXIV.

I look'd on Leonor, and if there seem'd
A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise,
In the faint smiles that o'er her features gleam'd,
And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,
Misty with tender gloom ; I call'd it nought
But the fond exile's pang, a lingering thought
Of her own vale, with all its melodies
And living light of streams. Her soul would rest
Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the gorgeous
west !

XXXV.

Oh ! could we live in visions ! could we hold
Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,
When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold,
That which we see not, and are therefore blest !
But they, our loved and loving, they to whom
We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom,
Their looks and accents, unto ours address'd,
Have been a language of familiar tone
Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and unknown.

XXXVI.

I told my heart 'twas but the exile's woe
Which press'd on that sweet bosom ;—I deceived
My heart but half :—a whisper faint and low,
Haunting it ever, and at times believed,
Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem
Like those that dream, and *know* the while they dream,
'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,
And troubled, while bright phantoms round them play,
By a dim sense that all will float and fade away !

XXXVII.

Yet, as if chasing joy, I woo'd the breeze,
To speed me onward with the wings of morn.
—Oh ! far amidst the solitary seas,
Which were not made for man, what man hath borne,
Answering their moan with his !—what *thou* didst bear,
My lost and loveliest ! while that secret care
Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn
By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last,
Beholding me as one from hope for ever cast !

XXXVIII.

For unto thee, as through all change, reveal'd
Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
To fence my burning bosom, of disguise ;
By the still hope sustain'd, ere long to win
Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within,
My thoughts unfetter'd to their source might rise,
Like songs and scents of morn.—But thou didst look
Through all my soul, and thine even unto fainting shook.

XXXIX.

Fall'n, fall'n, I seem'd—yet, oh ! not less beloved,
Though from thy love was pluck'd the early pride,
And harshly, by a gloomy faith reproved,
And sear'd with shame !—though each young flower
 had died,
There was the root,—strong, living, not the less
That all it yielded now was bitterness ;
Yet still such love as quits not misery's side,
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,
Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic face.

XL.

Yes! thou hadst follow'd me through fear and flight;
Thou wouldst have follow'd had my pathway led
Even to the scaffold; had the flashing light
Of the raised axe made strong men shrink with dread,
Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands, wouldst have been
With thy clasp'd hands beside me kneeling seen,
And meekly bowing to the shame thy head—
—The shame!—oh! making beautiful to view
The might of human love—fair thing! so bravely true!

XLI.

There was thine agony—to love so well
Where fear made love life's chastener.—Heretofore
Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee fell,
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds, could soar
Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye speak
Most of the skies when grief most touch'd thy cheek.
Now, that far bightness faded! never more
Couldst thou lift heavenwards for its hope thy heart,
Since at Heaven's gate it seem'd that thou and I must part.

XLII.

Alas ! and life hath moments when a glance
(If thought to sudden watchfulness be stirr'd,)
A flush—a fading of the cheek perchance,
A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a word,
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,
Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught with death !
—Even thus, what never from thy lip was heard
Broke on my soul.—I knew that in thy sight
I stood—howe'er beloved—a recreant from the light !

XLIII.

Thy sad sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along,—
—Oh ! the deep soul it breathed !—the love, the woe,
The fervor, pour'd in that full gush of song,
As it went floating through the fiery glow
Of the rich sunset !—bringing thoughts of Spain,
With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,
Which seem'd responsive in its murmuring flow.
—“ *Ave sanctissima !* ”—how oft that lay
Hath melted from my heart the martyr-strength away !

Ave, sanctissima !
'Tis night-fall on the sea ;
Ora pro nobis !
Our souls rise to thee !

Watch us, while shadows lie
O'er the dim water spread ;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
—*Thine*, too, hath bled !

Thou that hast look'd on death,
Aid us when death is near !
Whisper of Heaven to faith ;
Sweet mother, hear !

Ora pro nobis !
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, mater, ora !
Thou star of the deep !

XLIV.

“ *Ora pro nobis, mater !* ”—What a spell
Was in those notes, with day’s last glory dying
On the flush’d waters !—seem’d they not to swell
From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying
With crucifix and sword ?—Oh ! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear !
“ *Ora !* ”—with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth’s visions rising in the strain—
—And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain !

XLV.

Torture !—the sorrow of affection’s eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit’s core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce than many swords !—and this I bore
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly striven
From its free springs to pour the truth of heaven
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor !
Silence rose up where hearts no hope could share :
—Alas ! for those that love, and may not blend in prayer !

XLVI.

We could not pray together 'midst the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Through days of splendour, nights too bright for sleep,
Soft, solemn, holy ! We were on our way
Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
With men whom tales of that world's golden strand
Had lured to leave their vines.—Oh ! who shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic sky
Touch'd all its molten seas with sunset's alchemy ?

XLVII.

Thoughts no more mingled !—Then came night—th'
intense
Dark blue—the burning stars !—I saw *thee* shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross ! ¹⁶ as when thy radiant sign
First drew my gaze of youth.—No, not as then ;
I had been stricken by the darts of men
Since those fresh days, and now thy light divine
Look'd on mine anguish, while within me strove
The still small voice against the might of suffering love.

XLVIII.

But thou, the clear, the glorious ! thou wert pouring
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
While she that met thy ray with eyes adoring,
Stood in the lengthening shadow of the grave !
—Alas ! I watch'd her dark religious glance,
As it still sought thee through the heaven's expanse,
Bright Cross !—and knew not that I watch'd what gave
But passing lustre—shrouded soon to be—
A soft light found no more—no more on earth or sea !

XLIX.

I knew not all—yet something of unrest
Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean-wind ! I said ;
Waft us to land, in leafy freshness drest,
Where through rich clouds of foliage o'er her head,
Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go by,
Like singing voices, and the green earth lie
Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful tread !
—But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy main ;
Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers again.

L.

Yes ! as if heaven upon the waves were sleeping,
Vexing my soul with quiet, there they lay,
All moveless through their blue transparence keeping,
The shadows of our sails, from day to day ;
While she—oh ! strongest is the strong heart's woe—
And yet I live ! I feel the sunshine's glow—
And I am he that look'd, and saw decay
Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' adored too much !
—It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

LI.

A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
In the same world !—She faded on—and I—
Blind to the last, there needed death to tell
My trusting soul that she *could* fade to die !
Yet, ere she parted, I had mark'd a change,
—But it breathed hope—'twas beautiful, though strange :
Something of gladness in the melody
Of her low voice, and in her words a flight
Of airy thought—alas ! too perilously bright !

LII.

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,
And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze
Of some all wondering and awakening child,
That first the glories of the earth surveys.
—How could it thus deceive me?—she had worn
Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,
A pensive tenderness through happiest days,
And a soft world of dreams had seem'd to lie
Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye.

LIII.

And I could hope in that strange fire!—she died,
She died, with all its lustre on her mien!
—The day was melting from the waters wide,
And through its long bright hours her thoughts had been,
It seem'd, with restless and unwonted yearning,
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turning;
For her fond words were all of vintage-scene,
And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath—
—Oh! with what vivid hues life comes back oft on death!

LIV.

And from her lips the mountain-songs of old,
In wild faint snatches, fitfully had sprung ;
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
The "*Rio verde*,"¹⁷ on her soul that hung,
And thence flow'd forth.—But now the sun was low,
And watching by my side its last red glow,
That ever stills the heart, once more she sung
Her own soft "*Ora mater* !"—and the sound
Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound.

LV.

The boy had dropp'd to slumber at our feet ;—
—" And I have lull'd him to his smiling rest
Once more ! " she said :—I raised him—it was sweet,
Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which bless'd
His look that hour !—for now her voice grew weak ;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,
With her white lips a long, long kiss she press'd,
Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank her head
Against my bursting heart—What did I clasp ?—the
dead !

LVI.

I call'd—to call what answers not our cries—
By that we loved to stand unseen, unheard,
With the loud passion of our tears and sighs
To see but some cold glistening ringlet stirr'd,
And in the quench'd eye's fixedness to gaze,
All vainly searching for the parted rays ;
This is what waits us !—Dead !—with that chill word
To link our bosom-names !—For this we pour
Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to adore !

LVII.

But the true parting came !—I look'd my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face ;
How could I think the lovely spirit pass'd,
Which there had left so tenderly its trace ?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
No ! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,
Death, death !—She lay, a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths.—For earth's ?—the wave
That gives the bier no flowers—makes moan above her
grave !

LVIII.

On the mid-seas a knell !—for man was there,
Anguish and love—the mourner with his dead !
A long low-rolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,—
And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red ;—
Were these things round me ?—Such o'er memory
sweep
Wildly when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

LIX.

Then the broad lonely sunrise !—and the plash
Into the sounding waves ! ¹⁸—around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still. And now thy bed
Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor !
Once fairest of young brides !—and never more,
Loved as thou wert, may human tear be shed
Above thy rest !—No mark the proud seas keep,
To show where he that wept may pause again to weep.

LX.

So the depths took thee !—Oh ! the sullen sense
Of desolation in that hour compress'd !
Dust going down, a speck, amidst th' immense
And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast
The trace a weed might leave there !—Dust !—the
thing
Which to the heart was as a living spring
Of joy, with fearfulness of love possess'd,
Thus sinking !—Love, joy, fear, all crush'd to this—
And the wide heaven so far—so fathomless th' abyss !

LXI.

Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks lie low,
What shall wake thence the dead ?—Blest, blest are they
That earth to earth entrust ; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,
And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray !
But thou, what cave hath dimly chamber'd *thee* ?
Vain dreams !—oh ! art thou not where there is no more
sea ? ¹⁹

LXII.

The wind rose free and singing :—when for ever,
O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour
Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain ;
Then rose the reckless wind !—Before our prow
The white foam flash'd—ay, joyously—and thou
Wert left with all the solitary main
Around thee—and thy beauty in my heart,
And thy meek sorrowing love—oh ! where could *that* de-
part ?

LXIII.

I will not speak of woe ; I may not tell—
Friend tells not such to friend—the thoughts which rent
My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell
Across the billows to thy grave was sent,
Thou there most lonely !—He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, ev'n if blent
With a vain worship ; for its close is dim
Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul back to Him !

LXIV.

And with a milder pang if now I bear
To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,
If from my heart be lifted the despair,
The sharp remorse with healing influence press'd,
If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep
Look not reproach, though still they seem to weep ;
It is that He my sacrifice hath bless'd,
And fill'd my bosom, through its inmost cell,
With a deep chastening sense that all at last is well.

LXV.

Yes ! thou art now—Oh ! wherefore doth the thought
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,
The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so fair !
Come o'er me still ?—Earth, earth !—it is the hold
Earth ever keeps on that of earthy mould !
But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,
I well believe, and freed from all of error,
Which blighted here the root of thy sweet life with terror.

LXVI.

And if the love which here was passing light
Went with what died not—Oh ! that *this* we knew,
But this !—that through the silence of the night,
Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,
We are yet aught of what we were to those
We call the dead !—their passionate adieu,
Was it but breath, to perish ?—Holier trust
Be mine !—thy love *is* there, but purified from dust !

LXVII.

A thing all heavenly !—clear'd from that which hung
As a dim cloud between us, heart and mind !
Loos'd from the fear, the grief, whose tendrils flung
A chain, so darkly with its growth entwined.
This is my hope !—though when the sunset fades,
When forests rock the midnight on their shades,
When tones of wail are in the rising wind,
Across my spirit some faint doubt may sigh !
For the strong hours *will* sway this frail mortality !

LXVIII.

We have been wanderers since those days of woe,
Thy boy and I!—As wild birds tend their young,
So have I tended him—my bounding roe!
The high Peruvian solitudes among;
And o'er the Andes-torrents borne his form,
Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd 'midst the storm.²⁰
—But there the war-notes of my country rung,
And, smitten deep of Heaven and man, I fled
To hide in shades unpierced a mark'd and weary head.

LXIX.

But he went on in gladness—that fair child!
Save when at times his bright eye seem'd to dream,
And his young lips, which then no longer smiled,
Ask'd of his mother!—that was but a gleam
Of Memory, fleeting fast; and then his play
Through the wide Llanos²¹ cheer'd again our way,
And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,
From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-music borne.²²

LXX.

So like a spirit's voice ! a harping tone,
Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,
Such as might reach us from a world unknown,
Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and fear !
'Twas sweet !—yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest
On melancholy waves :³³ I sigh'd to hear
Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage fann'd,
And turn'd to seek the wilds of the red hunter's land.

LXXI.

And we have won a bower of refuge now,
In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose
Hath cool'd, like dew, the fever of my brow,
And whose green oaks and cedars round me close,
As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude
Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude :
All, save the image and the thought of those
Before us gone ; our loved of early years,
Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.

LXXII.

I see a star—eve's first-born !—in whose train
Past scenes, words, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire ;
The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
Is touch'd to answer ; its most secret tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers all its own.

LXXIII.

And hark ! another murmur on the air,
Not of the hidden rills, or quivering shades !
—That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear, .
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed
Of the blue mournful seas, that keep the dead :
But *they* are far !—the low sun here pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold.

LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom !—In such an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each grey convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home :—and I am here,
Living again through all my life's farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—yet unbroken !

LXXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads ;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by :
Peace be with all ! whate'er their varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts on high !
Come to me, boy !—by Guadalquivir's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.
—We, too, will pray ; nor yet unheard, my child !
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst the wild.

LXXVI.

At eve?—oh ! through all hours !—From dark dreams
oft

Awakening, I look forth and learn the might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
And low, my loved one ! on the breast of night :
I look forth on the stars—the shadowy sleep
Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies' light.
A lonely world !—ev'n fearful to man's thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 4, line 14.

And sighing through the feathery canes, &c.

The canes in some parts of the American forests form a thick undergrowth for many hundred miles.—See *Hodgson's Letters from North America*, vol. i. p. 242.

Note 2, page 5, line 9.

And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

Such a shell as Wordsworth has beautifully described.

“ I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell ;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intently, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences ! whereby,
'To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
—Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.”—*The Excursion*.

Note 3, page 8, line 10.

I see an oak before me, &c.

"I recollect hearing a traveller, of poetical temperament expressing the kind of horror which he felt on beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoon struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python."—*Bracebridge Hall. Chapter on Forest Trees.*

Note 4, page 15, lines 10, 11, 12.

Thou hast perish'd

*More nobly far, my Alvar!—making known
The might of truth.*

For a most interesting account of the Spanish Protestants, and the heroic devotion with which they met the spirit of persecution in the sixteenth century, see the *Quarterly Review*, No. 57, art. Quin's Visit to Spain.

Note 5, page 18, lines 10, 11, 12.

I look'd on two,

*Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters!*

"A priest, named Gonzalez, had, among other proselytes, gained over two young females, his sisters, to the protestant faith. All three were confined in the dungeons of the In-

quisition. The torture, repeatedly applied, could not draw from them the least evidence against their religious associates. Every artifice was employed to obtain a recantation from the two sisters, since the constancy and learning of Gonzalez precluded all hopes of a theological victory. Their answer, if not exactly logical, is wonderfully simple and affecting. 'We will die in the faith of our brother: he is too wise to be wrong, and too good to deceive us.'—The three stakes on which they died were near each other. The priest had been gagged till the moment of lighting up the wood. The few minutes that he was allowed to speak he employed in comforting his sisters, with whom he sung the 109th Psalm, till the flames smothered their voices."—*Ibid.*

Note 6, page 19, lines 8 and 9.

And deem the name

A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame.

The names, not only of the immediate victims of the Inquisition, were devoted to infamy, but those of all their relations were branded with the same indelible stain, which was likewise to descend as an inheritance to their latest posterity.

Note 7, page 28, lines 10 and 11.

*'Twas not within the city—but in sight
Of the snow-crown'd sierras.*

The piles erected for these executions were without the towns, and the final scene of an Auto da Fe was sometimes, from the length of the preceding ceremonies, delayed till midnight.

Note 8, page 41, lines 1, 2, 3.

*I would have call'd, adjuring the dark cloud:
To the most ancient Heavens I would have said,
"Speak to me! show me truth!"*

For one of the most powerful and impressive pictures, perhaps ever drawn, of a young mind struggling against habit and superstition in its first aspirations after truth, see the admirable *Letters from Spain* by *Don Leucadio Doblado*.

Note 9, page 42, lines 10 and 11.

*For thick ye girt me round, ye long-departed!
Dust—imaged form—with cross, and shield, and crest.*

"You walk from end to end over a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed, mitres, and croziers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together—all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet and the knees of long-departed worshippers. Around, on every side, each in their separate chapel, sleep undisturbed from age to age the venerable ashes of the holiest or the loftiest that of old came thither to worship—their images and their dying prayers sculptured among the resting-places of their remains."—From a beautiful description of ancient Spanish Cathedrals, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*.

Note 10, page 48, lines 12 and 13.

*With eyes, whose lightning laughter had beguiled
A thousand pangs.*

"E 'l lampeggiar del' angelico riso."—*Petrarch*.

Note 11, page 49, lines 10, 11, 12, 13.

Mighty shades

*Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's.*

"Sometimes their discourse was held in the deep shades of moss-grown forests, whose gloom and interlaced boughs first suggested that Gothic architecture, beneath whose pointed arches, where they had studied and prayed, the parti-coloured windows shed a tinged light; scenes, which the gleams of sunshine, penetrating the deep foliage, and flickering on the variegated turf below, might have recalled to their memory."—*Webster's Oration on the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England*.—See *Hodgson's Letters from North America*, vol. ii. p. 305.

Note 12, page 51, lines 1 and 2.

*Bring me the sounding of the torrent-water,
With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze, awake!*

The varying sounds of waterfalls are thus alluded to in an interesting work of Mrs. Grant's. "On the opposite side the view was bounded by steep hills, covered with lofty pines, from which a waterfall descended, which not only gave animation to the sylvan scene, but was the best barometer imaginable; foretelling by its varied and intelligible sounds every approaching change, not only of the weather but of the wind."—*Memoirs of an American Lady*, vol. i. p. 143.

Note 13, page 54, lines 5 and 6.

*And the full circle of the rainbow seen
There, on the snows.*

The circular rainbows, occasionally seen amongst the Andes, are described by Ulloa.

Note 14, page 56, lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

*But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought,
Wakening, it might be, to the faint sad sound,
That from the darkness of the walls they brought
A loved scene round me, visibly around.*

Many striking instances of the vividness with which the mind, when strongly excited, has been known to renovate past impressions, and embody them into visible imagery, are noticed and accounted for in Dr. Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*. The following illustrative passage is quoted in the same work, from the writings of the late Dr. Ferriar, "I remember that, about the age of fourteen, it was a source of great amusement to myself, if I had been viewing any interesting object in the course of the day, such as a romantic ruin, a fine seat, or a review of a body of troops, as soon as evening came on, if I had occasion to go into a dark room, the whole scene was brought before my eyes with a brilliancy equal to what it had possessed in daylight, and remained visible for several minutes. I have no doubt that dismal and frightful images have been thus presented to young persons after scenes of domestic affliction or public horror."

The following passage from the "Alcazar of Seville," a tale, or historical sketch, by the author of Doblado's Letters,

affords a further illustration of this subject. "When descending fast into the vale of years, I strongly fix my mind's eye on those narrow, shady, silent streets, where I breathed the scented air which came rustling through the surrounding groves; where the footsteps re-echoed from the clean watered porches of the houses, and where every object spoke of quiet and contentment; the objects around me begin to fade into a mere delusion, and not only the thoughts, but the external sensations, which I then experience, revive with a reality that almost makes me shudder—it has so much the character of a trance, or vision."

Note 15, p. 63, lines 3 and 4.

*Nor the faint flower-scents, as they come and go
In the soft air, like music wandering by.*

"For because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musick) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants which doe best perfume the aire."—*Lord Bacon's Essay on Gardens.*

Note 16, page 75, lines 11, 12, 13.

*I saw thee shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross!*

"The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among

the Portugeze and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling ; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, "Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend !" How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time, and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate !"—*De Humboldt's Travels*.

Note 17, page 79, lines 3 and 4.

*Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
The "Rio Verde."*

"Rio verde, rio verde," the popular Spanish Romance, known to the English reader in Percy's translation.

"Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore!
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore," &c. &c.

Note 18, page 81, lines 10 and 11.

*Then the broad lonely sun-rise !—and the plash
Into the sounding waves !—*

De Humboldt, in describing the burial of a young Asturian at sea, mentions the entreaty of the officiating priest, that the body, which had been brought upon deck during the night, might not be committed to the waves until after sunrise, in order to pay it the last rites according to the usage of the Romish church.

Note 19, page 82, line last.

Oh art thou not where there is no more sea ?

“ And there was no more sea.”—*Rev. chap. xxi. v. 1.*

Note 20, page 86, lines 5 and 6.

*And o'er the Andes-torrents borne his form,
Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd 'midst the storm.*

The bridges over many deep chasms amongst the Andes are pendulous, and formed only of the fibres of equinoctial plants. Their tremulous motion has afforded a striking image to one of the stanzas in “ Gertrude of Wyoming.”

“ Anon some wilder portraiture he draws,
Of nature's savage glories he would speak ;
The loneliness of earth, that overawes,
Where, resting by the tomb of old Cacique,

The lama-driver, on Peruvia's peak,
Nor voice nor living motion marks around,
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch, high flung o'er gulf profound
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Note 21, page 86, lines 14 and 15.

*And then his play
Through the wide Llanos cheer'd again our way.*

Llanos, or savannas, the great plains in South America.

Note 22, page 86, lines 16, 17, 18.

*And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
On whose lone margin we have heard at morn
From the mysterious rocks, the sun-rise music borne.*

De Humboldt speaks of these rocks on the shores of the Oronoco. Travellers have heard from time to time subterraneous sounds proceed from them at sun-rise, resembling those of an organ. He believes in the existence of this mysterious music, although not fortunate enough to have heard it himself, and thinks that it may be produced by currents of air issuing through the crevices.

Note 23, page 87, lines 5 and 6.

*Yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
My soul with stillness.*

The same distinguished traveller frequently alludes to the extreme stillness of the air in the equatorial regions of the new continent, and particularly on the thickly wooded shores of the Oronoco. "In this neighbourhood," he says, "no breath of wind ever agitates the foliage."

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

The following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "Stimmen der Völker in Liedern;" the execution is however different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

Most of those forming the present one have appeared, as well as the miscellaneous pieces attached to them, in the New Monthly Magazine.

MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.

It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home:

See the *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli*,
by the sister-in-law of Mr. Tully.

THE citron groves their fruit and flowers were strewing
Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh
Of low sweet summer-winds, the branches wooing,
With music through their shadowy bowers went by ;
Music and voices, from the marble halls,
Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came swelling,
To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,
And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,
Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crown'd
 maids ;
And thus it flow'd ; yet something in the lay
Belong'd to sadness, as it died away.

“The bride comes forth ! her tears no more are falling
To leave the chamber of her infant years ;
Kind voices from a distant home are calling ;
She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears ;
Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,
Her soft smile gladden other hearts than others !
—Pour the rich odours round !

“We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing ;
Love still goes with her from her place of birth ;
Deep silent joy within her soul is springing,
Though in her glance the light no more is mirth !
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years ;
Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears !
—Now may the timbrel sound !”

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal numbers ?
—One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more !
One, whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,
Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore !
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread.—
—Weep for the young, the beautiful,—the dead !

THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

The Indians of Bengal and of the Coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral:

See Paul and Virginia.

Go forth, for she is gone !
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air ;
She hath left her dwelling lone !

Her voice hath pass'd away !
It hath pass'd away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free !
With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught ev'n to her we mourn ?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float on the light wind borne ?

We know not—but she is gone !
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng ;—
—She hath left her dwelling lone !

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore,
But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Ev'n so with the loved one flown !
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain !
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers,
Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers,
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Ev'n thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride be dress'd,
But it wins *her* back no more.

THE SWORD OF THE TOMB.

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in "Starkother," a tragedy by the Danish Poet Oehlenschläger: The sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre.

See *Oehlenschläger's Plays*.

" VOICE of the gifted elder time !
Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme !
Speak ! from the shades and the depths disclose,
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes ;
Voice of the buried past !

" Voice of the grave ! 'tis the mighty hour,
When night with her stars and dreams hath power,
And my step hath been soundless on the snows,
And the spell I have sung hath laid repose
On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North,
And the forest-pines were still,
While a hollow chant came forth
From the dark sepulchral hill.

“ There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead,
But where the day looks not the brave may tread ;
There is heard no song, and no mead is pour'd
But the warrior may come to the silent board
In the shadow of the night.

“ There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,
And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's doom ;
But soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might ! ”

Then died the solemn lay,
As a trumpet's music dies,
By the night-wind borne away
Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rock'd to the wailing blast,
As on through the forest the warrior pass'd,—
Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old,
The dark place of visions and legends, told
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir-trees rock'd, and the frozen ground
Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound ;
And it seem'd that the depths of those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,
Gave warning, with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing boughs
When night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper gloom,
As he took the path to the monarch's tomb !
The pole-star shone, and the heavens were bright
With the arrowy streams of the northern light,
But his road through dimness lay !

He pass'd, in the heart of that ancient wood,
The dark shrine stain'd with the victim's blood :
Nor paused, till the rock where a vaulted bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his breast,
And the steel-clad man stood still
Before that place of rest.

But he cross'd at length, with a deep-drawn breath,
The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,
And look'd on the pale mysterious fire
Which gleam'd from the urn of his warrior-sire,
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again,
—"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might !"

But the gleaming sword and shield
Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, revealed
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray.

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,
They hung o'er the dust of the far-renown'd,
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice
Had call'd to the banquet where gods rejoice,
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear,
—"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Call'd back, to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the flame grew dim,
And the sword in its light seem'd to wave and swim,
And his faltering hand could not grasp it well—
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash it fell
Through the chamber of the dead !

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,
And the urn lay shiver'd in fragments round ;
And a rush, as of tempests, quench'd the fire,
And the scatter'd dust of his warlike sire
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment—and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,
When the rock had ceas'd to thrill
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,
The clouds were just tinged by the early sun,
When there stream'd through the cavern a torch's flame,
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretch'd on his shield, like the steel-girt slain
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain,
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there,
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare
Burst on him through the gloom.

“ The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near :
Come forth, come forth, with me !
What dost thou, Sigurd, here ? ”

“ I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,
I have scatter'd the dust of my warrior-sire !
It burns on my head, and it weighs down my heart ;
But the winds shall not wander without their part
To strew o'er the restless deep !

“ In the mantle of death he was here with me now,—
There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on his brow ;
And his cold still glance on my spirit fell
With an icy ray and a withering spell—
Oh ! chill is the house of sleep ! ”

**“ The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines clear ;
Come forth, come forth, with me !
It is dark and fearful here ! ”**

**“ He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown !
But gone from his head is the kingly crown,
The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand,—
They have chased him far from the glorious land
Where the feast of the gods is spread !**

**“ He must go forth alone on his phantom steed,
He must ride o’er the grave-hills with stormy speed ;
His place is no longer at Odin’s board,
He is driven from Valhalla without his sword !
But the slayer shall avenge the dead ! ”**

**That sword its fame had won
By the fall of many a crest,
But its fiercest work was done
In the tomb, on Sigurd’s breast !**

VALKYRIUR SONG.

The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a Northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile. See *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, *Herbert's Helga*, &c.

Tremblingly flash'd th' inconstant meteor light,
Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth,
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile or tear, had seem'd
On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling cheek
Strange and unnatural.

MILMAN.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep
Of a vision-haunted night,
And he look'd from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light ;
For the red sun's earliest ray
Was to rouse his bands that day,
To the stormy joy of fight !

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,
And the silent stars on high,
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin-hearth
'Midst the quiet of the sky ;
And along the twilight bay
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse were nigh !

The Sea-king look'd o'er the brooding wave :
He turn'd to the dusky shore,
And there seem'd through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour ;
And forth, in watery light,
Moved phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side ;
And the forms, as they grew more clear,
Seem'd each on a tall pale steed to ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before th' unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
The choosers of the slain !
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore across the moaning seas
To his ear their thrilling strain :

“ There are songs in Odin's Hall,
For the brave, ere night to fall !
Doth the great sun hide his ray ?—
He must bring a wrathful day !
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath ?—
Swords must do the work of death !
Regner !—sea-king !—*thee* we call !—
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

“ At the feast and in the song,
Thou shalt be remember'd long !
By the green isles of the flood
Thou hast left thy track in blood !
On the earth and on the sea,
There are those will speak of thee !
'Tis enough—the war-gods call—
There is mead in Odin's Hall !

“Regner ! tell thy fair-hair’d bride
She must slumber at thy side !
Tell the brother of thy breast
Ev’n for him thy grave hath rest !
Tel the raven-steed which bore thee,
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall—
There is room in Odin’s Hall !

“Lo ! the mighty sun looks forth—
Arm ! thou leader of the north !
Lo ! the mists of twilight fly—
We must vanish, thou must die !
By the sword and by the spear,
By the hand that knows not fear,
Sea-king ! nobly shalt thou fall !—
There is joy in Odin’s Hall ! ”

There was arming heard on land and wave,
When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave
With the mists of morning fled.
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand,
Lay cold on a pile of dead !

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

SWISS TRADITION.

The three founders of the Helvetic confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells; and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44:

The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.

Oh ! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave,
With freshness fill the air :
For there the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old array'd,
By their native Forest-sea
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore,
In the name of liberty !
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed ;
But their rest is only deep,
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by !
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear !
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky ;

When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose ;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light ;—
Then from the cavern of the dead,
Shall the sleepers wake in might !
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,*
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung !

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore
When they link'd the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore :
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answer'd with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirr'd,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

* The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way ;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques,* o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell !

For the Kühreihen's † notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain !
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep !

* *Crowned helmets*, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's Switzerland.

† The Kühreihen, the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.

SWISS SONG,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity ; assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed. See *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle-dell !

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn,
—Home !—home !—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here !

Look on the white Alps round !
Up to their shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle rose !
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it pass'd !

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spea ,
The banner and the mail-clad breast
Borne down, and trampled here !
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land !

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen !
By them no steel-array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men !
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an empire's lance and shield !

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet, along their steepes,

Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps :
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand !

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd-race,
Who made the hearth a holy place !

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet the sabbath bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
Think on the battle-dell !
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God !

THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world. See *Picart's Ceremonies and Religious Customs*.

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou bird !

Thou art come from the spirits' land !

Through the dark pine-grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band !

We know that the bowers are green and fair

In the light of that summer shore,

And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more !

And we know they have quench'd their fever's thirst

From the Fountain of Youth ere now,*

- For *there* must the stream in its freshness burst,
Which none may find below !

And we know that they will not be lured to earth

From the land of deathless flowers,

By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,

Though their hearts were once with ours ;

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,

And bent with us the bow,

And heard the tales of our fathers' days,

Which are told to others now !

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain !

Can those who have loved forget ?

We call—and they answer not again—

—Do they love—do they love us yet ?

* An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the 16th century, with a view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.—See *Robertson's History of America*.

Doth not the warrior think of his brother *there*,
And the father of his child ?
And the chief, of those that were wont to share
His wanderings through the wild ?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill ;
We know, thou bird ! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still ?

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

An early traveller mentions a people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers. *Picart's Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*

"J'ai passé moi-même," says Chateaubriand in his *Souvenirs d'Amérique*, "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la *Contrée des Ames*, et depuis long-tems en voyage."

WE saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
We look'd for the youth of the sunny glance,
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance !
The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to flee !
But there came a voice from a distant shore :
He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more !

He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
But we look for him still—he will yet return !
—His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough,
We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,
For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

We saw, thee, O stranger, and wept !
We look'd for the maid of the mournful song,
Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long !
We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone ;
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head,
He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back !
We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,
For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
We look'd for the chief who had left the spear
And the bow of his battles forgotten here !

We look'd for the hunter whose bride's lament
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :
We look'd for the first-born, whose mother's cry
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !
—Where are they ?—thou 'rt seeking some distant coast—
Oh, ask of them, stranger !—send back the lost !
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams,
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams !
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to watch for a step—but the step was thine !

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

"The River St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land ; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth ; they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game ; but in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return, which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country ; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot."

Bartram's Travels Through North and South Carolina, &c.

The additional circumstances in the Isle of Founts are merely imaginary.

Son of the stranger ! wouldst thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake
Along whose banks the west-winds play ?

—Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh seek thou not the Fountain-Isle !

Lull but the mighty serpent king,*
'Midst the grey rocks, his old domain ;
Ward but the cougar's deadly spring,
—Thy step that lake's green shores may gain ;
And the bright Isle, when all is pass'd,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last !

Yes ! there, with all its rainbow streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
The Isle of Founts, the Isle of dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden light ;
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee !

* The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of the rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of an enormous size, and which possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eyes. Their heads are said to be crowned with a carbuncle, of dazzling brightness.—See Notes to *Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy."*

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers
Shall greet thee in the purple sky ;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth ?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave birth ? *
—Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves !—they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore ;
But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede !

* The stones on the banks of the Oronoco, called by the South American missionaries *Laxas de Musica*, and alluded to in a former note.

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades ;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play !

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake !
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake,
For ever pouring through his dreams,
The gush of those untasted streams !

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parch'd with the fever's agony !
From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest ;

—Had they not seen th' untrodden shore,
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darken'd eye,
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before us fly;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest-bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior-band,
The moons wan'd o'er them dim and slow—
—They left us for the spirit's land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase!
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain-Isle!

THE BENDED BOW.

It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore staight.

See the *Cambrian Antiquities*.

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended Bow,
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“ Heard ye not the battle-horn ?
—Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !
Leave it for the birds of heaven,
Swords must flash, and spears be riven !
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red ! ”

And the reaper arm'd like a freeman's son,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

“ Hunter ! leave the mountain-chase !
Take the falchion from its place !
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey !
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh.”

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was done,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

“ Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast !
Stay not till the song hath ceased :
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth and leave the hall—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes must fall.”

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

“ Prince ! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold !

Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung !
—Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee ! ”

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son,
And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on.

“ Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer !
Maiden ! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart ! ”

And the bended Bow and the voice pass'd on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.*

It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?
—He never smiled again !

* Originally published in the Literary Gazette.

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him pass'd the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair—
—He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the Tourney's victor crown'd,
Amidst the knightly ring :
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
—He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board ;

Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
—*He* never smiled again !

CŒUR-DE-LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier,
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there :
As if each deeply-furrow'd trace
Of earthly years to show,—
—Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul ;
And solemn were the strains they pour'd
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread ;

And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook,
When he stood beside the bier !
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it raised ;—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast,
—But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppress'd !
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain—
—Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the dead
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow, ev'n like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

“ Oh, father ! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep ?
Speak to me, father ! once again,
I weep—behold, I weep !
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire !
To hear thee bless thy son.

“ Speak to me ! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd !
Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief,
My king ! I *must* be heard !

—Hush'd, hush'd—how is it that I call
And that thou answerest not ?
When was it thus ?—woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot !

“Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright !
And father, father ! but for me,
They had not been so white !
I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive ;—
Oh ! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say—‘ forgive ! ’

“Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e'er seen ;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien ;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
In war, the bravest heart—
—Oh ! ever the renown'd and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art !

“Thou that my boyhood’s guide
Didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I ’ve sported at thy side,
And climb’d thy parent-knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie,—
—How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!”

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

"Here (at Brereton in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons, and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days."

Camden's Britannia.

YES ! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark deep water cast,
And it was not fell'd by the woodman's stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast ;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer-sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
At the crashing of its might !
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's flew !

'Tis fall'n ! but think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown ;
An old man's tears lie far too deep,
To be pour'd for this alone !
But by that sign too well I know,
That a youthful head must soon be low !

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its bright quick-flashing eye—
—Well may I weep ! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die !
But on his brow the mark is set—
Oh ! could *my* life redeem him yet !

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,

And it seem'd like sunshine when he raised
His joyous glance to mine !
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life—but he must die !

He must, he must ! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell,
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he—there 's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet he must die !

I 've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung ;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung ?
I must !—yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast !

The noble boy !—how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand !
It seem'd like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land !

But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fall'n, and the flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain !—I tell thee, some
Are warn'd by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird flitting calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night ;
And they must go !—and he too, he—
—Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree !

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Sodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds was heard by the duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn, from the mountain-tower,
As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd,
And the roar of the stormy chase went by,
Through the dark unquiet sky !

The stag sprung up from his mossy bed
When he caught the piercing sounds,
And the oak-boughs crash'd to his antler'd head
As he flew from the viewless hounds ;
And the falcon soar'd from her craggy height,
Away through the rushing night !

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert-place,
As the cloud and tempest onward roll'd
With the din of the trampling race ;
And the glens were fill'd with the laugh and shout,
And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
At the castle's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the harp's triumphal chord ;
And the Minnesinger's * thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.

* Minnesinger, *love-singer* ; the wandering minstrels of Germany were so called in the middle ages.

The convent's chanted rite was stay'd,
And the hermit dropp'd his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest-shade,
At the neigh of the phantom steeds,
And the church-bells pealed to the rocking blast
As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd.

The storm hath swept with the chase away,
There is stillness in the sky,
But the mother looks on her son to-day,
With a troubled heart and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
'Midst the gleam of her golden hair !

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves ere long
Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar ;
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,
For the Huntsman hath gone by !

BRANDENBURGH HARVEST-SONG.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE corn, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain ;
The sickle's gleam is bright ;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay !
—Alas ! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day !

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
—We know its cause too well,
She is no more !

* For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,—
—Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew !

THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION.

Know ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprung?
—When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward rung!
When the trampling march of foes
Had crush'd our vines and flowers,
When jewell'd crests arose
Through the holy laurel-bowers,

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crown'd,
And arm'd for Greece that day ;
But the falchions made no sound
On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
With his tall and shadowy crest ;
But the arrows drew no blood,
Though their path was through his breast.

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were done ;
But it smote without a clash ;
The stroke was heard by none !
His voice was not of those
That swell'd the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hush'd like snows—
'Twas the Shade of Theseus pass'd !

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
With a fiery charge he bore ;
And the Mede left many a bow
On the sounding ocean-shore.
And the foaming waves grew red,
And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled,
As the Shade of Theseus pass'd !

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE.

WHERE is the summer, with her golden sun ?

—That festal glory hath not pass'd from earth :
For me alone the laughing day is done !

Where is the summer with her voice of mirth ?

—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die

On the green hills ?—the founts, from sparry caves
Through the wild places bearing melody ?

The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves ?

—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,

The virgin-dances, and the choral strains ?

Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining

The Spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes ?

—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs,
The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades ?
The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
And the pine forests, and the olive shades ?
—Far in my own bright land !

Where the deep haunted grotts, the laurel bowers,
The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams ?
—Oh ! that my life were as a southern flower's !
I might not languish then by these chill streams,
Far from my own bright land !

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT OR MYRIOLOGUE.

“ Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de *Myriologia*, comme, qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendants. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil ; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et, comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce : ce sont les *Myriologues*. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première ; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines. Les *Myriologues* sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.”

Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne, par C. Fauriel.

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the
 young,
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother
 sung.

—“Ianthis ! dost thou sleep ?—Thou sleep’st !—but this
is not the rest,

The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillow’d on my
breast !

I lull’d thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis ! my sweet son !

As in thy glowing childhood’s time by twilight I have
done !

—How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now ?
And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow ?

“I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and
brave !

I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave !
Though mournfully thy smile is fix’d, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie ;
And fast is bound the springing step that seem’d on breezes
borne,

When to thy couch I came and said,—‘Wake, hunter,
wake ! ’tis morn !’

Yet art thou lovely still, my flower ! untouch’d by slow
decay,

—And I, the wither’d stem remain—I would that grief
might slay !

“ Oh ! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would
be !

I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee !
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high !—
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou
must die !

That thou must die, my fearless one ! where swords were
flashing red.—

—Why doth a mother live to say—my first-born and my
dead ?

They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory
won—

—Speak *thou*, and I will hear ! my child, Ianthis ! my
sweet son ! ”

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the
young,

A fair-hair'd bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping
sung.

—“ Ianthis ! look'st thou not on *me* ?—Can love indeed
be fled ?

When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head ?

I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis, my beloved !
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts
are proved !
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy
side—
—It would have been a blessed thing together had we
died !

“ But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal
sword ?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful
board ?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the
vine,
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy
heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring !—and couldst thou
thus depart ?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting
breath ?
—Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been
in death !

“Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy
rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the
feast was spread ;
But not where noble blood flow’d forth, where sounding
javelins flew—
—Why did I hear love’s first sweet words, and not its last
adieu ?
What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what
hour, what tone ?
The blue skies fade with all their lights, they fade, since
thou art gone !
Ev’n *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears
unmoved—
—Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis ! my
beloved !”

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the
young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung.
“Ianthis ! brother of my soul !—oh ! where are now the
days
That laugh’d among the deep green hills, on all our
infant plays ?

When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to
their source,

And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet fearless
course !

—I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my
friend !

“ I come with flowers—for spring is come !—Ianthis ! art
thou *here* ?

I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy
bier !

Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh !
more meet *they* seem,

The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream !
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early
low—

—Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's
glow :

The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy
to send,

—Woe, that it smiles, and not for thee !—my brother and
my friend ! ”

THE PARTING SONG.

This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his "*Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*," and accompanied with some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home
Such as to early thought gives images,
The longest treasur'd, and most oft recall'd,
And brightest kept, of love ;—a mountain home,
That, with the murmur of its rocking pines
And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart
Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
And half unconscious prayer ;—a Grecian home,
With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.

And this was what he left !—Yet many leave
Far more :—the glistening eye, that first from theirs
Call'd out the soul's bright smile ; the gentle hand,
Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
To where the violets lay ; the tender voice
That earliest taught them what deep melody
Lives in affection's tones.—*He* left not these.
—Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
With all a mother's love !—A bitterer grief
Was his—To part *unloved* !—of her unloved,
That should have breathed upon his heart, like Spring,
Fostering its young faint flowers !

Yet had he friends,
And they went forth to cheer him on his way
Unto the parting spot—and she too went,
That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.

The parting spot was reach'd :—a lone deep glen,
Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount
Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes ; and above,
The silence of the blue, still, upper Heaven
Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,

The unbeloyed one, for his home to gaze
Through the wild laurels back ; but then a light
Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,
A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
A burst of passionate song.

“ Farewell, farewell !

“ I hear thee, O thou rushing stream !—thou ’rt from my
native dell,
Thou ’rt bearing thence a mournful sound—a murmur of
farewell !
And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream !—flow on, thou
bright and free !
I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me ;
But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood’s loving
years,
And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known
my tears ;
The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears
have known :
The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept
alone !

“I see the once again, my home! thou ’rt there amidst
thy vines,
And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer
shines.

It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through
thy groves,

The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the
mother loves!

—The hour *the mother* loves!—for *me* beloved it hath not
been;

Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smil’st, a blessed scene!
Whose quiet beauty o’er my soul through distant years
will come—

—Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my
home?

“Not as the dead!—no, not the dead!—We speak of
them—we keep

Their names, like light that must not fade, within our
bosoms deep!

We hallow ev’n the lyre they touch’d, we love the lay
they sung,

We pass with softer step the place *they* fill’d our band
among!

But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves
on earth

No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth !
I go !—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains,
home, farewell !

“ And farewell, mother !—I have borne in lonely silence
long,

But now the current of my soul grows passionate and
strong !

And I will speak ! though but the wind that wanders
through the sky,

And but the dark deep-rustling pines and rolling streams
reply.

Yes ! I will speak !—within my breast whate’er hath
seem’d to be,

There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gush’d
for thee !

Brightly it would have gush’d, but thou, my mother ! thou
hast thrown

Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been
thine own !

“Then fare thee well ! I leave thee not in loneliness to
pine,
Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than
mine !
Forgive me that thou couldst not love !—it may be, that a
tone
Yet from my burning heart may pierce, through thine,
when I am gone !
And thou perchance mayst weep for him on whom thou
ne’er hast smiled.
And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected
child !
Might but my spirit *then* return, and ’midst its kindred
dwell,
And quench its thirst with love’s free tears !—’tis all a
dream—farewell !”

“Farewell !”—the echo died with that deep word,
Yet died not so the late repentant pang
By the strain quicken’d in the mother’s breast !
There had pass’d many changes o’er her brow,
And cheek, and eye ; but into one bright flood
Of tears at last all melted ; and she fell

On the glad bosom of her child, and cried, ‘
“Return, return, my son!”—the echo caught
A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
Murmuring—“Return, my son!”——

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

It is related in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky,
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

“Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman’s armour shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror’s crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother’s arms with joy?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!”

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son ;
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

“ They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come !
Woe for the mountain hearth and home !
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe ! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep ! ”

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till ev'n the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

“ Hark ! they bring music, my joyous child !
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild !
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire ?
—Still !—be thou still !—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now ! ”

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swell'd the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?
—Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,
Free, and how cherish'd, my warrior's son!
He too hath bless'd thee, as I have done!
Ay, and unchain'd must his loved ones be—
—Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore,
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered), and to bid their final adieu.

See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.

———'Tis hard to lay into the earth
A countenance so benign ! a form that walk'd
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth !

WILSON.

COME near !—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust !
Come near !—once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek ; then bear him to his rest !

Look yet on this young face !
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, ev'n where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race ?

Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd—
—Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest !

Ye weep, and it is well !
For tears befit earth's partings !—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd !
Now gaze ! and bear the silent unto rest !

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth !
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die ?
—But not where death has power may love be bless'd—
Come near ! and bear ye the beloved to rest !

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again ?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart !
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best ?
Come near ! and bear the early-call'd to rest !

Look on him ! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase ?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, ev'n that, must fade !
Death holds not long unchang'd his fairest guest,—
Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast !
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast ;
Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest !

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd !—for him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away !
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest !

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main !
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of, and in vain !
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies !
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more !—thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by !

Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
—Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast !
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
—Yet must thou hear a voice—restore the dead !
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !
—Restore the dead, thou sea !

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd ;
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;

Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead !
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurs'd.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there* !
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers !

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"Alas! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair,
She had not known her child."

MARMION.

Rest, pilgrim, rest!—thou 'rt from the Syrian land,
Thou' rt from the wild and wondrous east, I know
By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part,
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!
Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,
And dimin'd in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou 'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last,
Through the high chesnuts lightly plays the breeze,

The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is pass'd,
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
Thou 'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the fountain welling
By the grey pillars of yon ruin'd shrine?
Seest thou the dewy grapes, before thee swelling?
—He that hath left me train'd that loaded vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper-chime.
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever;
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lips' fever—
—There in his place thou 'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!
—Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien,
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust—it smiled !
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child !
My blessed child !—I had but him—yet he
Fill'd all my home ev'n with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
—Where is he now ?—my pride, my flower, my boy !

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
—I knew these woods might be his world no more !
He loved me—but he left me !—thus they go,
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored !
He heard the trumpet of the red-cross blow,
And bounded from me, with his father's sword !

Thou weep'st—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf ; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak ! answer !—was *he* there ?

Oh ! hath his smile departed ?—Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee ?
—No ! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be !

Still weep'st thou, wanderer ?—some fond mother's glance
O'er thee too brooded in thine early years—
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears ?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me !—what art thou ?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on ?
Look up ! oh ! is it—that wan cheek and brow !—
Is it—alas ! yet joy !—my son, my son !

THEKLA'S SONG ; OR, THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

This Song is said to have been composed by Schiller in answer to the inquiries of his friends respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of "Wallenstein's Death," after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.

———" 'Tis not merely

The human being's *pride* that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of *love*
This visible nature, and this common world,
Are all too narrow."

Coleridge's Translation of Wallenstein.

Ask'st thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow pass'd ?
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below ?
Had I not lived and loved ?—my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze what witch'd thee in its tone ?
—But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay !

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found ?
—Yes ! we are one, oh ! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound,
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt *thou* find us, there with us be blest,
If as *our* love *thy* love is pure and true !
There dwells my father,* sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust
Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, ev'n as is our trust,
He that believes, is near the holy *then*.

There shall each feeling beautiful and high,
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day ;
—Oh ! fear thou not to dream with waking eye !
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

* Wallenstein.

THE REVELLERS.

RING, joyous chords !—ring out again !
A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.
—But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance ;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
In a pause of the thrilling melody !
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath !
—Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
 Leave, leave the hall of song !

Ring, joyous chords !—but who art *thou*
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,

And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes ?
—Thou hast loved, fair girl ! thou hast loved too well !
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell ;
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth !
Mourn on !—yet come thou not *here* the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile !
There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
—Home with thy sorrows flee !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !
—But what dost *thou* with the Revel's train ?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes ;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye !
Away ! there 's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man ! wilt thou *here* find rest ?
Away ! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead !
Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth—
—Back to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring forth again !
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
 —But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
 And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine,
 By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
 By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
 I know thee !—it is but the wakeful fear
 Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !
 I know thee !—thou fearest the solemn night,
 With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might !
 There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,
 For it asks what the secret soul hath done !
 And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away !
 —Back to thy home and pray !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
 And bring fresh wreaths !—we will banish all
 Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
 On through the maze of the fleet dance, on !
 —But where are the young and the lovely ?—gone !
 Where are the brows with the red rose crown'd,
 And the floating forms with the bright zone bound ?

And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet !
—They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all—
—Alas ! the forsaken hall !

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furl'd !
Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world !
Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—
—Oh ! strong is night—for thou too art at rest !

Stillness hath smooth'd thy brow,
And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,
Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,
Alike unconscious and defenceless thou !
Tread lightly, watchers !—now the field is won,
Break not the rest of nature's weary son !

Perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing,
To the green places of thy boyish daring,
And all the windings of thy native stream ;

—Why, this were joy !—upon the tented plain,
Dream on, thou Conqueror !—be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,
With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,
And thy dark troubled thoughts, all earth o'ersweeping,
—So wilt thou rise, oh ! thou of woman born !
And put thy terrors on, till none may dare
Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine !—and man must kneel before thee,
And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !
Shalt thou be stay'd because thy brother weeps ?
—Wake ! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furl'd !

Forget that thou, ev'n thou,
Hast feebly shiver'd when the wind pass'd o'er thee,
And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
And felt the night-dew chill thy fever'd brow !
Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on !
—Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

OUR LADY'S WELL.*

FOUNT of the woods ! thou art hid no more,
From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore !
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls !
And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass ;
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone ;
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again !

* A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

Fount of the vale ! thou art sought no more
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers !
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
—Bright fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the Virgin's ruin'd shrine !
A voice that speaks of the past is thine !
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh,
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky ;
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer-bird,
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard !
—Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free ?
—'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's* domain—
He hath made thee nature's own again !

Fount of the chapel with ages grey !
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay !

Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now !
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought ;
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
Or prayer, from a chasten'd heart, to Heaven,
Be the spot still hallow'd while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee nature's own again !

ELYSIUM.

"In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the infernal regions."

Chateaubriand, Génie du Christianisme!

Fair wert thou, in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,
And summer-winds, and low-ton'd silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers!

Where, as they pass'd, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last

Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but *thy* golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
 To summer's breezy sigh !
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touch'd them with a hue of death !

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet ; yet troubling not the brain
 With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Mov'd o'er the plains of waving Asphodel ?
Who, of the hosts, the night-o'erpeopling dead,
Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers might dwell,
 And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale ?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round !
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
On the morn's wing had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains !—and become
In man's deep heart, as voices of his home !

They of the daring thought !
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied ;
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had sought
The soul's far birth-place—but without a guide !
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But they, of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A void and silent place
In some sweet home ;—thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant, at his door
Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind !—From *thy* bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head,

Thou wert for nobler dead !
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell !

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Shut up the woes and burning thoughts of years,
As in the ashes of an urn compress'd ;

—*He* might not be thy guest !
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er *his* path, and whisper'd " Liberty !"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay ;
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile !—Elysium ! what wert *thou*,
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow ?

Thou hadst no home, green land !
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone
Like the spring's wakening !—But that light was past—
—Where went the dew-drop, swept before the blast ?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep !——
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade !
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep !
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the myrtle-grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love !

For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls !—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps !—till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And the world knows not then,
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled !
Yet these are they, that on the souls of men
Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread,
The long-remember'd dead !
But not with *thee* might aught save glory dwell—
—Fade, fade away, thou shore of Asphodel !

THE FUNERAL GENIUS ;

AN ANCIENT STATUE.

“ Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur la tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.”

Visconti, Description des Antiques du Musée Royal.

THOU shouldst be look'd on when the starlight falls
Through the blue stillness of the summer-air,
Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls ;
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare !
And thou !—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow ; for so the dead
Were crown'd of old, with pale spring-flowers like these :
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk ; yet softly shed,
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze :
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom
Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They fear'd not death, whose calm and gracious thought
Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee !
They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
And laid thy head against the forest-tree,
As that of one, by music's dreamy close,
On the wood-violets lull'd to deep repose.

They fear'd not death !—yet who shall say his touch
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair ?
Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much
Of tender beauty as thy features wear ?
Thou sleeper of the bower ! on whose young eyes
So still a night, a night of summer, lies !

Had they seen aught like thee ?—Did some fair boy
Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest ?
—His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
But drooping, as with heavy dews oppress'd !
And his eye veil'd so softly by its fringe,
And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge ?

Oh ! happy, if to them the one dread hour
Made known its lessons from a brow like thine !
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power

Came by a look, so tranquilly divine !

—Let him, who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart !

But thou, fair slumberer ! was there less of woe,
Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
That men pour'd out their gladdening spirit's flow,
Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold,
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting ?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
Far more than we—for loftier faith is ours !
Their gems were lost in ashes—yet they made
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs array'd,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts ?—do we not entrust
But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust ?
—Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of death ?

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
 O blest departed one !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blush'd into dawn, and pass'd away.

Yes ! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower,
 That never felt a storm !
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toils are gone ;
—*There* slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped !
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?
There slumber England's dead !

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !
Let the forest-wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day ;—
How shall our griefs, if these things mournful be,
Flow forth, oh ! thou of many gifts, for thee ?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower ?
—Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd—
Of Heaven they were, and thither have return'd.

How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above !
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,

And yet can weep !—for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture be allowed—
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death, hast bowed :
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.

Praise ! for yet one more name with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press ;
Yet one more image, on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !
Thine, Heber, thine ! whose memory from the dead,
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave ;
Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun !
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains ;
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,

The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !

With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last !
There is something bright from your features pass'd !
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
—Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh ! what have ye look'd on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year ;
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light,
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality !
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd ?
—Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last !

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !
—But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !

For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's—fare ye well, farewell !

NOTE.

The following is an extract from a letter of Mrs. Hemans.
“There is one line in the poem of Elysium which I should wish altered ; it is the third of the fifth stanza, I should like it to stand thus :

Who, call'd and sever'd from the countless dead,”

The alteration was accidentally omitted, in reprinting the poem, in this volume. Ed.

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POEMS
BY MRS. HEMANS.

VOLUME II.

PART II.

RECORDS OF WOMAN:

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

— Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

WORDSWORTH.

Das ist das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde !

SCHILLER.

BOSTON:

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TO
MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,
THIS VOLUME,
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF
GRATEFUL RESPECT AND ADMIRATION,
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS continuation of the American octavo edition of Mrs. Hemans's Poems is furnished with two titlepages, that it may be bound separately, or with "The Forest Sanctuary," &c. as Part Second of Volume Second.

It is an exact reprint of a volume with the same title, recently published for the author at Edinburgh; except that some among the "Miscellaneous Pieces," having been already inserted in the First Volume of this series, are not here repeated, viz. *The Lady of the Castle, Tasso and his Sister, To Wordsworth, A Monarch's Death-Bed, To the Memory of Heber, The Adopted Child, Invocation, Körner and his Sister, An Hour of Romance, A Voyager's Dream of Land, The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, The Departed, The Child's Last Sleep, The Sunbeam, The Graves of a Household, The Last Wish.*

This volume, like the preceding, is published under the direction and for the benefit of the Author.

A. N.

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RECORDS OF WOMAN.

1

'ARABELLA STUART.

"THE LADY ARABELLA," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth, as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret, but early discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and, at break of day, a French vessel, engaged to receive her, was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her compan-

ions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, "which," says D'Israeli, "occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower;—he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders."—Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the King's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank.—"What passed in that dreadful imprisonment, cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history,—but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers."—D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature*.—The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.

ARABELLA STUART.

And is not love in vain,
Torture enough without a living tomb?

BYRON.

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.

PINDEMONTE.

I.

'TWAS but a dream!—I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing,
I stood, o'ershadow'd by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest: then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,
And lilies quiver'd by the glade's lone brook,
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,

Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart ; and all pass'd by,
Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine.—Yes, *thou* wert there,
Seymour ! a soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting-spear away,
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side ; and we, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and, fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour,
Ev'n like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest flowers.

II.

'Tis past !—I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend ! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be ;

And feeling still my woman's spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong,
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervor ; and prevail,
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold ; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears erase
The characters of anguish ; in this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chill'd and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.

And thou too art in bonds !—yet droop thou not,
Oh, my belov'd !—there is *one* hopeless lot,
But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
When darkness, from the vainly-doting sight,

Covers its beautiful !¹ If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow,—
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, ev'n now,
Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
For ever from this world,—oh ! thus forsaken,
Could I bear on ?—thou liv'st, thou liv'st, thou 'rt mine !
With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
Sit, a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo ! the joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care !
I have not watch'd in vain, serenely scorning
The wild and busy whispers of despair !
Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven.—I wait
The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
Oh ! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
As a star shoots !—but on the breezy sea
We shall meet soon.—To think of such an hour !
Will not my heart, o'erburden'd by its bliss,

Faint and give way within me, as a flower
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss ?
Yet shall I *fear* that lot?—the perfect rest,
The full, deep joy of dying on thy breast,
After long-suffering won? So rich a close
Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V.

Sunset!—I tell each moment—from the skies
The last red splendor floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner!—Now it melts, it dies !
I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
Th' expected voice ; my quick heart throb'd too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice pour'd I sit and dream
Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.

I hear my veins beat.—Hark ! a bell's slow chime.
 My heart strikes with it.—Yet again—'tis time !
 A step !—a voice !—or but a rising breeze ?
 Hark !—haste !—I come, to meet thee on the seas.

* * * * *

VI.

Now never more, oh ! never, in the worth
 Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
 Trust fondly—never more !—the hope is crush'd
 That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
 That spoke sweet oracles ; and I return
 To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
 Where sunshine may not find it.—All is lost !
 No tempest met our barks—no billow toss'd ;
 Yet were they sever'd, ev'n as we must be,
 That so have lov'd, so striven our hearts to free
 From their close-coiling fate ! In vain—in vain !
 The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
 And press out life.—Upon the deck I stood,
 And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
 Like some proud bird of ocean ; then mine eye
 Strained out, one moment earlier to descry

The form it ached for, and the bark's career
Seem'd slow to that fond yearning. It drew near,
Fraught with our foes !—What boots it to recall
The strife, the tears ? Once more a prison-wall
Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
And joyous glance of waters to the light,
And thee, my Seymour, thee !

I will not sink !

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chaint hat bound thee ;
And this shall be my strength—the joy to think
That thou mayst wander with heaven's breath around
thee,
And all the laughing sky ! This thought shall yet
Shine o'er my heart, a radiant amulet,
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken,
And unto me, I know, thy true love's token
Shall one day be deliverance, though the years
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII.

My friend, my friend ! where art thou ? Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark, mournful stream, away,

My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet ; Summer, with her smile,
Fills the green forest ;—young hearts breathe their
vows ;

Brothers long parted meet ; fair children rise
Round the glad board ; Hope laughs from loving eyes :
All this is in the world !—These joys lie sown,
The dew of every path—On *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer,
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon seat ;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and rain-drop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven's eye hath been,
Through the leaves, pouring its dark, sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you
Hath murmur'd, and the rill.—My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint

Your haunts by dell and stream,—the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound,—the shut from me !

IX.

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—

O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely things !
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams ; but I—the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are chains !
Kings !—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant, and for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crush'd.—Oh ! Heaven is far,—
Earth pitiless !

Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I am prov'd
So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my lov'd !
There are such tales of holy marvels done
By strong affection, of deliverance won
Through its prevailing power ! Are these things told
Till the young weep with rapture, and the old

Wonder, yet dare not doubt,—and thou, oh ! thou
Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay ?—
Thou canst not !—through the silent night, ev'n now,
I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
Still first for thee.—Oh ! gentle, gentle friend !
How shall I bear this anguish to the end ?

Aid !—comes there yet no aid ?—the voice of blood
Passes Heaven's gate, ev'n ere the crimson flood
Sinks through the greensward !—is there not a cry
From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,
To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy ! hear me ! None
That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun,
Have heavier cause !—yet hear ! my soul grows dark—
Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark,
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,
And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,
Its freight of human hearts ?—th' o'ermastering wave !
Who shall tell how it rush'd—and none to save ?

Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I know,
There would be rescue if this were not so.

Thou 'rt at the chase, thou 'rt at the festive board,
Thou 'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,
Thou 'rt where the dancers meet !—a magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall ;—
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all,—
Thine !—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?
It is not well of thee !—my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore,
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying ;
Ev'n thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art thou for grief !

Death !—what, is death a lock'd and treasur'd thing,
Guarded by swords of fire ?^a a hidden spring,
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
As if the world within me held no cure ?
Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven, Heaven !
control
These thoughts—they rush—I look into my soul

As down a gulph, and tremble at th' array
Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give strength to pray,
So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is still'd.

Father in Heaven ! Thou, only thou, canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish fill'd,
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore, forgive, my Father ! if thy child,
Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinn'd in her despair ! It well may be,
That Thou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee,
By the crush'd hope too long on this world pour'd,
The stricken love which hath perchance ador'd
A mortal in Thy place ! Now let me strive
With Thy strong arm no more ! Forgive, forgive !
Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent
Th' o'erwearied dust, from home : no breeze flits by,
But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone
Deepens—its word is *Death*. Alone, alone,
And sad in youth, but chasten'd, I depart,
Bowing to Heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
Ev'n in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
Thee, its first love !—oh ! tender still, and true !
Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Though but a moment.

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead !
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
Its might, again to bless thee, and again !
Thou hast been gather'd into my dark fate
Too much ; too long, for my sake, desolate
Hath been thine exiled youth ; but now take back,
From dying hands, thy freedom, and re-track
(After a few kind tears for her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways

Of hope, and find thou happiness ! Yet send,
Ev'n then, in silent hours a thought, dear friend !
Down to my voiceless chamber ; for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tears ! It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
In this cold world ! What were it then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now ?
Too keen a pang !—Farewell ! and yet once more,
Farewell !—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word : thou hear'st not,—but the wo
And fervor of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place ; there let them dwell—
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.*

Fear !—I 'm a Greek, and how should I fear death ?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom ?

• • • • • •

I will not live degraded.

Sardanapalus.

I.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio ! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas ;—
They came, and Eudora stood rob'd and crown'd,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.

*Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series of the Curiosities of Literature, and forming part of a picture in the "*Painted Biography*" there described.

Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,
Like starry dew's 'midst the roses there ;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heav'd by her heart through its golden zone ;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil ;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through ;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She look'd on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore ;
She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
As it greenly wav'd by the threshold stone ;
She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years !
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;

She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true ;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In *his* that waited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less
For the gush of nature's tenderness !
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was past ;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.³

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep ?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
The myrtle—yet, oh ! call it mine !—
The flowers I lov'd to tend.

A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore let me weep !

I leave thee, sister ! we have play'd
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep !

I leave thee, father ! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee ! let me weep !

Mother ! I leave thee ! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and wo,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless,—yet I go !
Lips, that have lull'd me with your strain,
Eyes, that have watch'd my sleep ;
Will earth give love like *yours* again ?
Sweet mother ! let me weep !

And like a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart, as a mountain spring,
That works its way, through the torrent's foam,
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home !
It is well !—the cloud, on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre !
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
Mother ! on earth it must still be so,
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go !

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
Ye may track their way by the swells of song ;
Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes'
gleam,
Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy stream.
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
Is over the deep-vein'd violet's bed ;
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
An arch for the triumph of youth and love !

II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glow'd
Making a gleam round the lone abode ;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scatter'd out rays like a glancing river ;
Stars of the jasmine its pillars crown'd,
Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,

And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain-side ;
They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene.—
Bring wine, bring odors !—the board is spread—
Bring roses ! a chaplet for every head !
The wine-cups foam'd, and the rose was shower'd
On the young and fair from the world embower'd,
The sun look'd not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid ;
But there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush ! be still !—was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore ?

Silence !—did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet ?—
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword !
The groves are filled with a pirate-horde !
Through the dim olives their sabres shine ;—
Now must the red blood stream for wine !

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,
The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang ;
Under the golden-fruited boughs
There were flashing poniards, and darkening brows,
Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled ;
And the dying soon on a greensward bed.

Eudora, Eudora ! *thou* dost not fly !—
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
Like a child's large tears in its hour of wo,
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
That sought his young bride out mournfully.—
She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound,
Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,

As if the passion of that fond grasp
Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there ;
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
And a hush of fear through the summer-grove,—
So clos'd the triumph of youth and love !

III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
When the moon, with sleeping light,
Bath'd each purple Sciote hill,—
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
O'er the wave no gay guitar
Sent its floating music far ;
No glad sound of dancing feet
Woke the starry hours to greet.
But a voice of mortal wo,
In its changes wild or low,
Through the midnight's blue repose,
From the sea-beat rocks arose,

As Eudora's mother stood
Gazing o'er th' Egean flood,
With a fix'd and straining eye—
Oh ! was the spoilers' vessel nigh ?
Yes ! there, becalm'd in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver dark,
Brooding it frown'd that evil bark !
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
Moveless and black from the tall, still mast,
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail,
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hush'd was all else—had ocean's breast
Rock'd e'en Eudora that hour to rest ?

To rest ? the waves tremble !—what piercing cry
Burst from the heart of the ship on high ?
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up ? Fire ! 'tis fire !
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow ;
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water,—but fruitless all !

Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame !
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake ;
It hath touch'd the sails, and their canvass rolls
Away from its breath into shrivell'd scrolls ;
It hath taken the flag's high place in air,
And redden'd the stars with its wavy glare,
And sent out bright arrows, and soar'd in glee,
To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
Eudora, Eudora ! where, where art thou ?
The slave and his master alike are gone.—
Mother ! who stands on the deck alone ?
The child of thy bosom !—and lo ! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand !
And her veil flung back, and her free, dark hair
Sway'd by the flames as they rock and flare,
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught,—
Oh ! could this work be of woman wrought ?
Yes ! 'twas her deed !—by that haughty smile
It was her's !—She hath kindled her funeral pile !

Never might shame on that bright head be,
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free.

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
On the pyre with the holy dead beside ;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never infold again.

One moment more, and her hands are clasp'd,
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasp'd,
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bow'd,
And her last look rais'd through the smoke's dim
shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move—
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love ! *

* Originally published, as well as several other of these Records, in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian Bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of an heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
 Save woman's quietness of thought ;
 And yet around her is a light
 Of inward majesty and might.

M. J. J.

* * * * *

Wer solch ein Herz an seinen Busen drückt,
 Der kann für Herd und Hof mit Freuden fechten.

WILHELM TELL.

It was the time when children bound to meet
 Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
 And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
 In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
 And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
 Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smil'd full many an Alpine home,
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierc'd its lattice through the vine-hung bower ;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Ev'n as man sits whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
The accustom'd joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him,—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mein ;—he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard ; until at last the boy
Rais'd from his heap'd up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face : but then a change
 Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
 Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook ;
 But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
 Through tears half quivering, o'er him bent, and said,
" What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away ?

" It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend !
 Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine ? Oh ! cheer thee ! bend
 To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now !
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet, earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully : not yet the band
Was loosen'd from his soul ; its inmost place
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand,
" Speak low ! " he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky :

" We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents ; for the days are come
When tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes are near.

" The envy of th' oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree if not serene,
Yet with the faces best-belov'd in sight :
To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see ? "

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek ;
 Back on the linden-stem she lean'd her form,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
 Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she that ever through her home had mov'd
 With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and belov'd,
 And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
 And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
 As it found language :—" Are we thus oppress'd ?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God !

"I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done !
Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband !—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free !
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears ; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills ! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle-glance my joy restore !
I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois-paths, and through the forests go !
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my belov'd !—Away !
Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray !"

He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air ;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
And “ Worthy art thou,” was his joyous cry,
“ That man for thee should gird himself to die.

“ My bride, my wife, the mother of my child !
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart ;
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part !
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell ! ”

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight : he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills ; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue, half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment.—A painting by Ducis represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman Knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

——— Tell me no more, no more
 Of my soul's lofty gifts ! Are they not vain
 To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?
 Have I not lov'd, and striven, and fail'd to bind
 One true heart unto me, whereon my own
 Might find a resting-place, a home for all
 Its burden of affections ? I depart,
 Unknown, tho' Fame goes with me ; I must leave
 The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
 Shall give my name a power to win such tears
 As would have made life precious.

I.

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more ;
 And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
 My soul away ! Let earth retain a trace
 Of that which lit my being, though its race
 Might have been loftier far.—Yet one more dream !
 From my deep spirit one victorious gleam

Ere I depart ! For thee alone, for thee !
May this last work, this farewell triumph be,
Thou, lov'd so vainly ! I would leave enshrin'd
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of lost affection ;—something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavish'd ; silent pang and tear,
And fervent song, that gush'd when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away,—
While thou——Awake ! not yet within me die,
Under the burden and the agony
Of this vain tenderness,—my spirit, wake !
Ev'n for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
Live ! in thy work breathe out !—that he may yet,
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
Thine unrequited gift.

II.

It comes,—the power
Within me born flows back ; my fruitless dower

That could not win me love. Yet once again
 I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
 Of glorious images :—they throng—they press—
 A sudden joy lights up my loneliness,—
 I shall not perish all !

The bright work grows

Beneath my hand, unfolding as a rose,
 Leaf after leaf, to beauty ; line by line,
 I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
 Through the pale marble's veins. It grows—and now
 I give my own life's history to thy brow,
 Forsaken Ariadne ! thou shalt wear
 My form, my lineaments ; but oh ! more fair,
 Touch'd into lovelier being by the glow

Which in me dwells, as by the summer-light
 All things are glorified. From thee my wo

Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,
 When I am pass'd away. Thou art the mould
 Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, th' untold,
 The self-consuming ! Speak to him of me,
 Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
 With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye,
 Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply, mournfully,
 Of all my love and grief ! Oh ! could I throw

Into thy frame a voice, a sweet, and low,
And thrilling voice of song ! when he came nigh,
To send the passion of its melody
Through his pierc'd bosom—on its tones to bear
My life's deep feeling, as the southern air
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath,—to rise, to swell,
To sink away in accents of farewell,
Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
If love be strong as death !

III.

Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart !
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
I cannot make thee ! Oh ! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought,
I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die ! But I have been
Too much alone ; a heart whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections, that o'erflow
My aching soul, and find no shore below ;

An eye to be my star, a voice to bring
 Hope o'er my path, like sounds that breathe of spring,
 These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain,—
 Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain,
 Are ever but as some wild, fitful song,
 Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
 In dirge-like echoes.

IV.

Yet the world will see
 Little of this, my parting work, in thee,
 Thou shalt have fame ! Oh, mockery ! give the reed
 From storms a shelter,—give the drooping vine
 Something round which its tendrils may entwine,—
 Give the parch'd flower a rain-drop, and the meed
 Of love's kind words to woman ! Worthless fame !
 That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
 Th' abiding-place it ask'd ! Yet how my heart,
 In its own fairy world of song and art,
 Once beat for praise !—Are those high longings o'er ?
 That which I have been can I be no more ?—
 Never, oh ! never more ; though still thy sky
 Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !

And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still,
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams,
Unchang'd, on forms instinct with poet-dreams ;
Never, oh ! never more ! Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around ! Too well *they* know,
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled ;—but I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell ;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words—“ *in vain,*”
Sear'd on the heart—I go. ’Twill soon be past.
Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven,
And thou, oh ! thou, on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth,—who know'st not what was given
In that devotedness,—the sad, and deep,
And unrepaid—farewell ! If I could weep
Once, only once, belov'd one ! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest !
But that were happiness, and unto me
Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was form'd to be
So richly blest ! With thee to watch the sky,
Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh ;

With thee to listen, while the tones of song
 Swept ev'n as part of our sweet air along,
 To listen silently ;—with thee to gaze
 On forms, the deified of olden days,
 This had been joy enough ;—and hour by hour,
 From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,
 How had my spirit soar'd, and made its fame
 A glory for thy brow !—Dreams, dreams !—the fire
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—
 As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
 When its full chords are hush'd—awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart revive
 Sad thoughts of me :—I leave it, with a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound,
 I leave it, on my country's air to dwell,—
 Say proudly yet—“ *'Twas her's who lov'd me well !* ”

GERTRUDE,
OR
FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

The Baron Von Der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von Der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death*.

GERTRUDE,
OR
FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

———Dark lowers our fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us ;
 But nothing, till that latest agony
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
 This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
 In the terrific face of armed law,
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
 I never will forsake thee.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes rais'd,
 The breeze threw back her hair ;
Up to the fearful wheel she gaz'd—
 All that she lov'd was there.

The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“ And bid me not depart,” she cried,
“ My Rudolph, say not so !
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace ! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow ?
The world ! what means it ?—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

“ I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss ;
Doubt not its memory’s living power
To strengthen me through *this* !
And thou, mine honor’d love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on !
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart ?
Through all that night of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part ;
But oh ! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love ! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak !

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, ~~that~~ he might hear :
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near ;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bath'd his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not !

IMELDA.

—Sometimes

The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And lov'd when they should hate,—like thee, Imelda ! 4

Italy, a Poem.

Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma.

TASSO.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,
Amidst the fallen pillars ;—this hath been
Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,
Up through the shadowy grass, the fountain wells,
And music with it, gushing from beneath
The ivied altar !—that sweet murmur tells
The rich wild flowers no tale of wo or death ;
Yet once the wave was darken'd, and a stain
Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—

On the dim violets by its marble bed,
And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met
One whom she lov'd, by this lone temple's spring,
Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,
And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair,
With the blue heaven of Italy above,
And citron-odors dying on the air,
And light leaves trembling round, and early love
Deep in each breast.—What reck'd *their* souls of strife
Between their fathers? Unto them young life
Spread out the treasures of its vernal years;
And if they wept, they wept far other tears
Than the cold world wrings forth. They stood, that hour,
Speaking of hope, while tree, and fount, and flower,
And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,
Seem'd holy things, as records of their vows.
But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
Up where the cedars made yon avenue

Dim with green twilight : pausing there, she caught—
Was it the clash of swords ?—a swift dark thought
 Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it pass'd,
And from her eye the sunny sparkle took
One moment with its fearfulness, and shook
 Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,
She still'd her heart to listen,—all was o'er ;
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.
That night Imelda's voice was in the song,
Lovely it floated through the festive throng,
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
Her eye look'd starry in its dazzling light,
And her cheek glow'd with beauty's flushing dyes,
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies,
A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
Follow'd her from beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
And marvell'd at its radiance. But a few
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue,
With something of dim fear ; and in that glance
 Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,
 Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,

Comes not unmask'd. Howe'er this were, the time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike : and when the banquet's hall was left
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft,
When trembling stars look'd silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers yet slumber'd, once again
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Through the dim cedar-shade ; the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
Of one that panted with some secret dread :—
What did Imelda there ? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been ;
Bodings were on her soul—a shuddering thrill
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low ;
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost ! The fountain-side
She gain'd—the wave flash'd forth—'twas darkly dyed
Ev'n as from warrior-hearts ; and on its edge,
Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
There lay, as lull'd by stream and rustling sedge,
A youth, a graceful youth. “ Oh ! dost thou sleep ?
“ Azzo ! ” she cried, “ my Azzo ! is this rest ? ”
But then her low tones falter'd :—“ On thy breast

Is the stain,—yes, 'tis blood!—and that cold cheek—
That moveless lip!—thou dost not slumber?—speak,
Speak, Azzo, my belov'd!—no sound—no breath—
What hath come thus between our spirits?—Death!
Death?—I but dream—I dream!”—and there she
stood,

A faint, frail trembler, gazing first on blood,
With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
Her form sustain'd by that dark stem alone,
And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;
When from the grass her dimm'd eye caught a gleam—
’Twas where a sword lay shiver’d by the stream,—
Her brother’s sword!—she knew it; and she knew
’Twas with a venom’d point that weapon slew!
Wo for young love! But love is strong. There came
Strength upon woman’s fragile heart and frame,
There came swift courage! On the dewy ground
She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round,
Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and press’d
Her lips of glowing life to Azzo’s breast,
Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!
Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!—
So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing
Through the green forests of the Appenines,
With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,
And steps and voices out amongst the vines.
What found that day-spring *here* ? Two fair forms laid
Like sculptured sleepers ; from the myrtle shade
Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,
Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave ?
Could it be so indeed ? That radiant girl,
Deck'd as for bridal hours !—long braids of pearl
Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
As tears might shine, with melancholy light ;
And there was gold her slender waist entwining ;
And her pale, graceful arms—how sadly bright !
And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
And round her marble brow red roses dying.—
But she died first !—the violet's hue had spread
O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppress'd,
She had bow'd heavily her gentle head,
And, on the youth's hush'd bosom, sunk to rest.
So slept they well !—the poison's work was done ;
Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

•

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EDITH,

A TALE OF THE WOODS.*

Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück !
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Wallenstein.

THE woods—oh ! solemn are the boundless woods
 Of the great Western World, when day declines,
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines ;
 When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
 And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
 Awful it is for human heart to bear
 The might and burden of the solitude !
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate
 One young and fair ; and oh ! how desolate !

* Founded on incidents related in an American work, "Sketches of Connecticut."

But undismay'd ; while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darken'd with the night.
Alone she sate : though many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
Were sever'd from her need and from her wo,
 Far as Death severs Life. O'er that wild spot
Combat had rag'd, and brought the valiant low,
 And left them, with the history of their lot,
Unto the forest oaks. A fearful scene
For her whose home of other days had been
'Midst the fair halls of England ! but the love
 Which fill'd her soul was strong to cast out fear,
And by its might upborne all else above,
 She shrank not—mark'd not that the dead were near.
Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
 Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell ;
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
 While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound,
Yet hoped, still hoped !—Oh ! from such hope how long
 Affection wooes the whispers that deceive,
Ev'n when the pressure of dismay grows strong,
 And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe

The blow indeed can fall ! So bow'd she there,
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Fill'd all her soul. Now pour'd the moonlight down,
Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,
And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
Whereby she caught its changes : to her eye,
The eye that faded look'd through gathering haze,
Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,
When voice was not : that fond, sad meaning pass'd—
She knew the fulness of her wo at last !
One shriek the forests heard,—and mute she lay,
And cold ; yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death !
Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
Many and sad ! but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.

Now light, of richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew ;
The pines grew red with morning ; fresh winds play'd
Bright-color'd birds with splendor cross'd the shade

Flitting on flower-like wings ; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf, the living strings
Of earth's Eolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.
And she too woke from that long, dreamless trance,
The widow'd Edith : fearfully her glance
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
Flash'd o'er her spirit, ev'n ere memory swept
The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept ;
Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
With all its whispers, wav'd not o'er her now,—
Where was she ? 'Midst the people of the wild,
By the red hunter's fire : an aged chief,
Whose home look'd sad—for therein play'd no child—
Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
To that lone cabin of the woods ; and there,
Won by a form so desolately fair,
Or touch'd with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung,
While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,

Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
And leaning on his bow.

And life return'd,
Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
To Edith's heart ; and well the sufferer learn'd
Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
The chasten'd grief that humbly can adore,
'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
Ev'n as a breath of spring's awakening air,
Her presence was ; or as a sweet, wild tune
Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen

A daughter to the land of spirits go,
And ever from that time her fading mien,

And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
Had haunted their dim years ; but Edith's face
Now look'd in holy sweetness from her place,
And they again seem'd parents. Oh ! the joy,
The rich, deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
On something all its own !—that kindly glow,
Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,

When, like the sunshine, freed.—And gentle cares
Th' adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
Who lov'd her thus :—her spirit dwelt, the while,
With the departed, and her patient smile
Spoke of farewells to earth ;—yet still she pray'd,
Ev'n o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew
The secret whisper of her bosom true,
Which warn'd her hence.

And now, by many a word
Link'd unto moments when the heart was stirr'd,
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and dim,
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with child-like piety,
By the still beauty of her life, she strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
Pour'd out on her so freely.—Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds : by slow degrees
Light follow'd on, as when a summer breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade
And lets the sunbeam through :—her voice was made

Ev'n such a breeze ; and she, a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow rais'd and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touch'd into golden bronze the cypress-bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Waken'd the wilderness, their prayers were one.
—Now might she pass in hope, her work was done.
And she *was* passing from the woods away ;
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades ; her eye was bright
Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air ; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines ; and now a softer green
Fring'd their dark boughs ; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring ! but Edith to her home

Was journeying fast. Alas ! we think it sad
To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake :
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs ?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odors with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin-door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore ;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
" My father !"—to the grey-hair'd chief she spoke—
" Know'st thou that I depart ?"—" I know, I know,"
He answer'd mournfully, " that thou must go
To thy belov'd, my daughter !"—" Sorrow not
For me, kind mother !" with meek smiles once more
She murmur'd, in low tones ; " one happy lot
Awaits us, friends ! upon the better shore ;
For we have pray'd together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
Under the cedar-shade : where he is gone

Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learn'd,—the Saviour's
prayer

Which now *ye* know,—and I shall meet you there,
Father, and gentle mother !—ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children."—From the matron's eye
Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply ;
But Edith felt them not ; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in wo,
" Thou 'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd.

" Thou 'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away ;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter ! thou canst not stay. .

Thou 'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear ;
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird !
Under our whispering pine ;
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one ! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er ;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
'Midst flowers—not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled ;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide !
And join that shining band ;
Thou 'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land !”

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY.*

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
 That which disfigures it.

Childe Harold.

I.

ROYAL in splendor went down the day
 On the plain where an Indian city lay,
 With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
 Red as if fused in the burning sky,
 And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
 A bright stream's way through each long arcade,

* From a tale in Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*.

Till the pillar'd vaults of the banian stood,
Like torch-lit aisles 'midst the solemn wood,
And the plantain glitter'd with leaves of gold,
As a tree 'midst the genii-gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps to the tanks below ;
And a cool, sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the moulten glass of the wave was stirr'd ;
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Bramin bow'd in prayer.

There wandered a noble Moslem boy
Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy ;

He gazed where the stately city rose
Like a pageant of clouds in its red repose ;
He turn'd where birds through the gorgeous gloom
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume ;
He track'd the brink of the shining lake,
By the tall canes feather'd in tuft and brake,
Till the path he chose, in its mazes wound
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined
In the rocky urn from the sun and wind,
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
Far down through its dark, still purity.
The flood beyond, to the fiery west
Spread out like a metal-mirror's breast,
But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,
Seem'd made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
For all free things of the wild-wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye,

Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave ;
Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,
O'er the glossy leaves in his young delight,
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother look'd from her tent the while,
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile :
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
Had stay'd the march of her pilgrim-train,
Calmly to linger a few brief hours,
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers ;
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II.

The moon rose clear in the splendor given
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven ;
The boy from the high-arch'd woods came back—
Oh ! what had he met in his lonely track ?

The serpent's glance, through the long reeds bright ?
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?
No !—yet as one by a conflict worn,
With his graceful hair all soil'd and torn,
And a gloom on the lids of his darken'd eye,
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die !
He look'd for the face to his young heart sweet,
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

“ Speak to me !—whence doth the swift blood run ?
What hath befall'n thee, my child, my son ? ”
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
But his voice just linger'd to breathe the tale,
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
And wounds from the children of Brahma born :
This was the doom for a Moslem found
With foot profane on their holy ground,
This was for sullyng the pure waves free
Unto them alone—'twas their God's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—
The mother shriek'd not then, nor shook :

Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,
Rending her mantle to staunch its flood ;
But it rush'd like a river which none may stay,
Bearing a flower to the deep away.
That which our love to the earth would chain,
Fearfully striving with Heaven in vain,
That which fades from us, while yet we hold,
Clasp'd to our bosoms, its mortal mould,
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;
One moment—the soul from the face had pass'd !

Are there no words for that common wo ?
—Ask of the thousands, its depths that know !
The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;
He had stood, when she sorrow'd, beside her knee,
Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;
He had kiss'd from her cheek the widow's tears,
With the loving lip of his infant years ;
He had smil'd o'er her path like a bright spring-day—
Now in his blood on the earth he lay !
Murder'd !—Alas ! and we love so well
In the world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bow'd down mutely o'er her dead—
They that stood round her watch'd in dread ;
They watch'd—she knew not they were by—
Her soul sat veil'd in its agony.
On the silent lip she press'd no kiss,
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this ;
She shed no tear as her face bent low,
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;
She look'd but into the half-shut eye,
With a gaze that found there no reply,
And shrieking, mantled her head from sight,
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might !

And what deep change, what work of power,
Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?
How rose the lonely one ?—She rose
Like a prophetess from dark repose !
And proudly flung from her face the veil,
And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood.
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
A brow in its regal passion high,

With a close and rigid grasp she press'd
The blood-stain'd robe to her heaving breast,
And said—"Not yet—not yet I weep,
Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep,
Not 'till yon city, in ruins rent,
Be piled for its victim's monument.
—Cover his dust ! bear it on before !
It shall visit those temple-gates once more."

And away in the train of the dead she turn'd,
The strength of her step was the heart that burn'd ;
And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled
As the mother pass'd with her slaughter'd child.

III.

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's horn
Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—
War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !
The Bramin look'd from the leaguer'd towers—
He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;

And the lake that flash'd through the plantain shade,
As the light of the lances along it play'd ;
And the canes that shook as if winds were high,
When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;
And the camp as it lay, like a billowy sea,
Wide round the sheltering banian tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—
That was the place of a wounded heart.
—Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;
And full of death, as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crush'd affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had pass'd,
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.
There had been words from her pale lips pour'd,
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
And the dark chief of Araby grasp'd his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
And a vow was recorded that doom'd its fall.

Back with the dust of her son she came,
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame ;
She came in the might of a queenly foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;
But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
There sought the warrior his star of fate ;
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
Was hail'd as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lip was caught,
As a Sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.

Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of grief,
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless !—it cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die !

Sickening she turn'd from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown ;
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She wither'd faster, from day to day.

All the proud sounds of that banner'd plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were vain ;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died ;
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell ;
She spoke, and her voice in its dying tone
Had an echo of feelings that long seem'd flown.
She murmur'd a low, sweet cradle song,
Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng,
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
Had glow'd on her breast in its slumber meek ;
But something which breathed from that mournful
 strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again,
And starting as if from a dream, she cried—
“ Give him proud burial at my side !
There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave.”

And the temples fell, though the spirit pass'd,
That stay'd not for victory's voice at last ;
When the day was won for the martyr-dead,
For the broken heart, and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquish'd the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed ;
Free swept the flame through the idol-fanes,
And the streams glow'd red, as from warrior-veins,
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade,
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft ;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart wrung !

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE.

—There is but one place in the world.

Thither where he lies buried !

* * * * *

There, there is all that still remains of him,

That single spot is the whole earth to me.

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,

Or water but the desert.

Childs Harold.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
 A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
 Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
 From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
 Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
 Under the moaning trees the horse-hoof's tread

In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains pass'd ; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly ;—but of *one*
Oh ! who shall speak ? What words *his* brow unveil ?
A father following to the grave his son !
That is no grief to picture ! Sad and slow,
Through the wood-shadows moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low,
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,
Stretch'd by its broken lance. They reach'd the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trod the hollow ringing aisle,
A strange deep echo shudder'd through the pile,
Till crested heads at last, in silence bent
Round the De Coucis' antique monument,
When dust to dust was given :—and Aymer slept
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broider'd folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine :

So the sad rite was clos'd.—The sculptor gave
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave,
And the pale image of a youth array'd
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid

In slumber on his shield.—Then all was done,
All still, around the dead.—His name was heard
Perchance when wine cups flow'd, and hearts were
stirr'd

By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth : but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and press'd
On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ;
And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceas'd
Mingled with theirs.—E'n thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side :
Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's void place

Fill'd up so soon !—so like a summer-cloud,
All that we loved to pass and leave no trace !—

He lay forgotten in his early shroud.
Forgotten ?— not of all !—the sunny smile
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,

And the dark locks whose breezy waving threw
A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew
From the bright brow ; and all the sweetness lying
 Within that eagle-eye's jet radiance deep,
And all the music with that young voice dying,
 Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
The poms of kindred sorrow.—Day by day,
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
Through the dim fane soft summer-odors breathing,
And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,
And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
Through storied windows down. The violet there
Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly,
And the rose image all things fleet and fair,
And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
As for an altar, wove the radiant band ?
Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
To blush through every season ?—Blight and chill
Might touch the changing woods, but duly still,

For years, those gorgeous coronals renew'd,
 And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
 Even through mid-winter fill'd the solitude
 With a strange smile, a glow of summer's realm.
 Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
 In lone devotedness !

One spring-morn rose,
 And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—
 Oh ! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose
 From the fierce noon—a dark hair'd peasant maid :
 Who could reveal her story ?—That still face
 Had once been fair, for on the clear arch'd brow,
 And the curv'd lip, there linger'd yet such grace
 As sculpture gives its dreams ; and long and low
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
 For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
 Dimm'd, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
 Whence came that early blight ?—*Her* kindred's place,
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race ;
 Yet there her shrine had been !—She grasp'd a wreath—
 The tomb's last garland !—This was love in death !

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG.

An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's *Expedition to the Source of St Peter's River*.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG.

Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie,
et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air.

Bride of Messina,

Translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman.

The Prairie.

Down a broad river of the western wilds,
Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe
Swept with the current : fearful was the speed
Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
Rose with the cataract's thunder.—Yet within,
Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,

A woman stood : upon her Indian brow
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
As if triumphantly. She press'd her child,
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
Wafting a wild, proud strain, her song of death.

Roll swiftly to the Spirit's land, thou mighty stream and
free !

Father of ancient waters,⁵ roll ! and bear our lives with
thee !

The weary bird that storms have toss'd, would seek the
sunshine's calm,

And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt, flies to the
woods of balm.

Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath look'd upon another's
face,

And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moon-
beam's trace ;

My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his
dream,
He flings away the broken reed—roll swifter yet, thou
stream !

The voice that spoke of other days is hush'd within *his*
breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me
rest ;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is
gone,
I cannot live without that light—Father of waves ! roll
on !

Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from
the chase ?
The heart of love that made his home an ever sunny
place ?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and deck'd
his couch of yore ?—
He will not !—roll, dark foaming stream, on to the bet-
ter shore !

Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land
must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of
this wo ;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath
may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, for woman's
weary lot,
Smile !—to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I leave
thee not ;
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away,
Thy mother bears thee far, young Fawn ! from sorrow
and decay.

She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are
heard to weep,
And where th' unkind one hath no power again to
trouble sleep ;
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening
from a dream,—
One moment, and that realm is ours—On, on, dark
rolling stream !

JOAN OF ARC, IN RHEIMS.

Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe : Jacques d'Arc, son père y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées ; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnés, elle se vit, pour un instant, au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux.

Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.

JOAN OF ARC, IN RHEIMS.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality :
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music roll'd
Forth from her throng'd cathedral ; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chain'd to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listen'd at their temple's gate.

And what was done within?—within, the light
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,
The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage!—while 'midst that ring,
And shadow'd by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swell'd out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er th' array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who alone
And unapproach'd, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood?—the helm was raised,
And the fair face reveal'd, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping :—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn!—Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured virgin, with her smile of love,
Seem'd bending o'er her votaress.—That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle storm?

Had the soft light in that adoring eye,
Guided the warrior where the swords flash'd high ?
'Twas so, even so !—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild !
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land !
And beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee !

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,
And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory !—A triumphant strain,
A proud, rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gush'd through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came.—Then rose a nation's sound—
Oh ! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career !

Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth!—The shouts that fill'd
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were still'd
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart.—“Joanne!”—Who
spoke

Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
Under one roof?—“Joanne!”—*that* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth!—She turn'd—she
knew

Beside her, mark'd from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flash'd proudly; and the boy,
The youngest-born, that ever loved her best:
“Father! and ye, my brothers!”—On the breast
Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Ev'n in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flow'd.—She saw the pomp no more—
The plumes, the banners:—to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,⁶
Where her young sisters by her side had play'd,

And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turn'd.—The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time, by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
Was in her heart ; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature.—She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And with her bright locks bow'd to sweep the ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,—
“ Bless me, my father, bless me ! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen-tree,
Let me return ! ”

Oh ! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne !—too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant-name ;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all its loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE.

To die for what we love!—Oh! there is power
 In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this* ;
 It is to *live* without the vanish'd light
 That strength is needed.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
 Della vita mortal il fiore e 'l verde.

TASSO.

ALONG the star-lit Seine went music swelling,
 Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth ;
 Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
 For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth ;
 And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
 A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendor flung :
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one, the lady from the Danube-side.⁷

Pauline, the meekly bright !—though now no more
Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all tameless glee,
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught—
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,
Sate on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast ?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh ?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
'Midst the light laughter of festivity :
Whence come those tones ?—Alas ! enough we know,
To mingle fear with all triumphal show !

Who spoke of evil, when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall ?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call ?
Silence !—the minstrels pause—and hark ! a sound,
A strange, quick rustling which their notes had drown'd !

And lo ! a light upon the dancers breaking—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed !
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread :
The wild, fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—
Fire ! through the hall and round it gathering—fly !

And forth they rush—as chased by sword and spear—
To the green coverts of the garden-bowers ;
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers :
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she, Pauline ?—the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint, o’erwearied bird along—
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“ Bertha ! where art thou ?—Speak, oh ! speak, my
own ! ”

Alas ! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear’s cold grasp alone,
Powerless hath sunk within the blazing pile ;
A young bright form, deck’d gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame’s fierce
breath !

But oh ! thy strength, deep love !—there is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth, like banners, from each lattice wave ;
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined !

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise ?
None !—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes !
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell ?
And died they heart to heart ?—Oh ! who can tell ?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure-shades ;
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades :
But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound—
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done ?
Yes ! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone !
Those had the mother on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep, lone, chasten'd thoughts of grief and love.
Oh ! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such wo !

JUANA.

Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state in a magnificent dress, and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time incessantly, waiting for the moment of returning life.

JUANA.

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end : too much we give
Unto the things that perish.

THE night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient
palace-room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by
the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to
see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart
and step were free ;
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic
lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold
slumberer's side,
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no
pride ;
Only her full impassion'd eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence
blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows
of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer spoke
aloud ;
She spoke to him who could not hear, and cried, " Thou
yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, below'd one ! for
thy sake.

“ They told me this was death, but well I knew it could
not be ;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death
for *thee* ?
They would have wrapt the funeral shroud thy gallant
form around,
But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, rob’d
and crown’d !

“ With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal
beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this
was death ?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee
long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimm’d and
strong.

“ I know thou hast not lov’d me yet ; I am not fair like
thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light
of glee !

A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold, unsmiling
cheek,

Oh ! I have but a woman's heart, wherewith *thy* heart
to seek.

“ But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord ! and
hear'st how I have kept

A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee pray'd and
wept ;

How in one long, deep dream of thee my nights and
days have past,

Surely that humble, patient love *must* win back love at
last !

“ And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the
sunny smile,

Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me ere-
while !

No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall
pine—

Oh ! years of hope deferr'd were paid by one fond
glance of thine !

“Thou ’lt meet me with that radiant look when thou
comest from the chase,
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o’er thy
face !
Thou ’lt reckon no more though beauty’s gift mine aspect
may not bless ;
In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love, shall give me
loveliness.

“But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet once more
to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leap’d, the music of thy
voice :
Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine
alone.”

In the still chambers of the dust, thus pour’d forth day by
day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul
found way,

Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every
 grace,
Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form
 and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's
 breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his
 rest,
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the
 wind—
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair
 behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
 Woman!—a power to suffer and to love,
 Therefore thou so canst pity.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
 On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke ;—
 “ Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come,”—
 So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
 Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
 A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of England stood,
 Like a king's son ; though from his cheek had flown
 The mantling crimson of the island-blood,
 And his press'd lips look'd marble.—Fiercely bright,
 And high around him, blaz'd the fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face :—But who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befel,
Known but to Heaven that hour ?—Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day !—and he might *see* the band,
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,
Where the laburnums droop'd ; or haply binding
The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding ;
Or, as day clos'd upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother :—and that mother's face
Its grave, sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled !—Perchance the prayer
Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair !
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her “ *Good night* ” might breathe from boyhood
gone !—

He started and look'd up :—thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, wav'd o'er him, darkly red
In the broad, stormy firelight ;—savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,

Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
Look'd through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !
Would the winds tell it ?—Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests ?—To the stake

They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
Of many hearts !—the fondly rear'd,—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see !—And fetter'd there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God.—Hush ! hark !—a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—
A step had pierced the ring !—Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
For *hers* had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
And, by its passion's deepening fervor sway'd,
Ev'n to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Lianes ; then rais'd her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice that said, " He shall not die ! "

" He shall not die ! "—the gloomy forest thrill'd
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were still'd,
Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
They gaz'd,—their dark souls bow'd before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade !
And, as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen ;
And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loos'd the bonds that held their captive's breath :
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress tree ;
“ Away,” they cried, “ young stranger, thou art free !”

COSTANZA.

—— Art thou then desolate ?

Of friends, of hopes forsaken ?—Come to me !
 I am thine own.—Have trusted hearts prov'd false ?
 Flatterers deceiv'd thee ? Wanderer, come to me !
 Why didst thou ever leave me ? Know'st thou all
 I would have borne, and call'd it joy to bear,
 For thy sake ? Know'st thou that thy voice had power
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness
 By one kind tone ?—to fill mine eyes with tears
 Of yearning love ? And thou—oh ! thou didst throw
 That crush'd affection back upon my heart ;—
 Yet come to me !—it died not.

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
 Through the stain'd window of her lonely cell,
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna-brow,

While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
Seem'd all a vision's mist of glory, spread
By painting's touch around some holy head,
Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,
Which glanced as dark, clear water to the sky,
What solemn fervor lived ! And yet what wo
Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
The glassy tide ! Oh ! he that could reveal
What life had taught that chasten'd heart to feel,
Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears !
But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,
And of the gentle saint no more was known,
Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,
And ancient solitude ; where hidden streams
Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams,
Music for weary hearts ! 'Midst leaves and flowers
She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
To the sick peasant on his lowly bed,

Came, and brought hope ; while scarce of mortal birth
He deem'd the pale, fair form, that held on earth
Communion but with grief.

Ere long a cell,

A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
Gleam'd through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well,
And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,
Told the Calabrian wilds, that duly there
Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
That made the cypress quiver where it stood
In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
Other and wilder sounds in tumult met
The floating song. Strange sounds !—the trumpet's peal,
Made hollow by the rocks ; the clash of steel,
The rallying war-cry.—In the mountain pass,
There had been combat ; blood was on the grass,
Banners had strewn the waters ; chiefs lay dying,
And the pine-branches crash'd before the flying.

And all was chang'd within the still retreat,
Costanza's home :—there enter'd hurrying feet,
Dark looks of shame and sorrow ; mail-clad men,
Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,
Scaring the ringdoves from the porch-roof, bore
A wounded warrior in : the rocky floor
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
As there they laid their leader, and implor'd
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him ; then for flight,
Through the wide forests and the mantling night,
Sped breathlessly again.—They pass'd—but he,
The stateliest of a host—alas ! to see
What mothers' eyes have watch'd in rosy sleep
Till joy, for very fulness turn'd to weep,
Thus chang'd !—a fearful thing ! His golden crest
Was shiver'd and the bright scarf on his breast—
Some costly love-gift—rent :—but what of these ?
There were the clustering raven-locks—the breeze
As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
Might scarcely lift them—steep'd in bloody showers
So heavily upon the pallid clay
Of the damp cheek they hung ! the eyes' dark ray—
Where was it ?—and the lips !—they gasp'd apart,
With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,

Still proudly beautiful ! but that white hue—
Was it not death's ?—that stillness—that cold dew
On the scarr'd forehead ? No ! his spirit broke
From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
To wander in wild dreams ; and there he lay,
By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
Of all save one !—*She* fled not. Day by day—
Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone ;
Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
His brow with tears that mourn'd the strong man's rav-
ing.

He felt them not, nor mark'd the light veil'd form
Still hovering nigh ; yet sometimes, when that storm
Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
Would sooth him with sweet *aves*, gently bringing
Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
Of memory dawn'd upon the cloud of dreams ;
And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,

And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
He murmur'd forth, "Where am I? What soft strain
Pass'd, like a breeze, across my burning brain?
Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride
Whose hollow splendor lured me from her side?
All lost!—and this is death!—*I cannot* die
Without forgiveness from that mournful eye!
Away! the earth hath lost her. Was *she* born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?
My first, my holiest love!—her broken heart
Lies low, and I—unpardon'd I depart."

But then Costanza rais'd the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,
And stood before him with a smile—oh! ne'er
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—
And said, "Cesario! look on me; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I lov'd thee with such worship, such deep trust
As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just!
I bless thee—be at peace!"

But o'er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rush'd—the sudden shame,
The joy, th' amaze !—he bow'd his head—it fell
On the wrong'd bosom which had lov'd so well ;
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there,—
His last faint breath just wav'd her floating hair.

MADELINE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.*

Who should it be ?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness ?
 When we are sick where can we turn for succour,
 When we are wretched where can we complain ;
 And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
 Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
 With such sure confidence as to a mother ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

“ **My** child, my child, thou leav'st me !—I shall hear
 The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
 With its first utterance ; I shall miss the sound
 Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,

* Originally published in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1828.

And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,
And thy " Good night " at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child ! and thou along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air.—Yet blessings with thee go !
Love guard thee, gentlest ! and the exile's wo
From thy young heart be far !—And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter ! in my lonely lot,
God shall be with me.—Now farewell, farewell !
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillow'd there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine :—those moments are gone by,
Thou too must go, my flower !—Yet with thee dwell
The peace of God !—One, one more gaze—farewell !"

This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek bride on whom fair fortune smil'd,

And wooed her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home ; yet there, with fond delay
She linger'd on the threshold, heard the note
Of her caged bird through trellis'd rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck, and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gush'd o'er her soul, and many a vanish'd day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,
When its breast heav'd in sunset's golden sleep,
With a calm'd heart, young Madeline ere long
Pour'd forth her own sweet, solemn vesper-song,
Breathing of home : through stillness heard afar,
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters ; till at last
The sounding ocean-solitudes were pass'd,
And the bright land was reach'd, the youthful world
That glows along the West : the sails were furl'd
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
Look'd on the home that promis'd hearts untried
A bower of bliss to come.—Alas ! we trace
The map of our own paths, and long ere years

With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears.
That home was darken'd soon : the summer breeze
Welcom'd with death the wanderers from the seas,
Death unto one, and anguish how forlorn !
To her, that, widow'd in her marriage morn,
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
Her bosom's first belov'd, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
As from the sun shut out on every side,
By the close veil of misery !—Oh ! but ill,
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high
heart
Bears its first blow !—it knows not yet the part
Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
To send no busy dream !—*She* had not learn'd
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turn'd,
In weariness from life : then came th' unrest,
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
The haunting sounds of voices far away,
And household steps ; until at last she lay
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams

In her own sunny land, and murmuring oft
Familiar names, in accents wild, yet soft,
To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
To strangers ?—Oh ! could strangers raise the head
Gently as *hers* was rais'd ?—did strangers shed
The kindly tears which bath'd that feverish brow
And wasted cheek with half unconscious flow ?
Something was there, that through the lingering night
Outwatches patiently the taper's light,
Something that faints not through the day's distress,
That fears not toil, that knows not weariness ;
Love, true and perfect love !—Whence came that power,
Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower ?
Whence ?—who can ask ?—the wild delirium pass'd,
And from her eyes the spirit look'd at last
Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
The kind, sweet smile of old !—and had *she* come,
Thus in life's evening, from her distant home,
To save her child ?—Ev'n so—nor yet in vain ;
In that young heart a light sprung up again,
And lovely still, with so much love to give,
Seem'd this fair world, though faded ; still to live

Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
That rock'd her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
"Sweet mother, gentlest mother ! can it be?"
The torn one cried, "and do I look on thee ?
Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

" This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburgh, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might, and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his Queen. It is a portrait-statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life.—Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother."—SHEERER'S *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

In sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled ; then drooping mute and broken-hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.

MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone ;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress-branches thrown ;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined ?
A sculptur'd woman's form,
Lovely in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm :
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm, pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle, yet majestic grace,
Throned on the matron brow ;
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought ;
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought :
She whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and wo.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue ;—
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true !
Oh ! hallow'd long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief !

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoil'd,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soiled :
She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turn'd, o'erwearied, to the grave.

She slumber'd ; but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal-flame,
Sent on from tower to tower !
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep,
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep ;
Her grief, a bitter vial pour'd
To sanctify th' avenger's sword.

And the crown'd eagle spread again
His pinion to the sun ;
And the strong land shook off its chain—
So was the triumph won !
But wo for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with victory's—*She* was gone ! *

* Originally published in the *Monthly Magazine*.

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription :—"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616."—See Notes to the "*Pleasures of Memory*."

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

Hast thou, through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye, revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke rear'd,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour ?

ROGERS.

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace ;
Oh ! ye have shrin'd a spell of power,
Deep in your record of that hour !

A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still, small under-tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone ;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known,
The *one* love changing not ?
Alas ! and haply learn'd its worth
First with the sound of " Earth to earth ? "

But thou, high-hearted daughter ! thou,
O'er whose bright, honor'd head,
Blessings and tears of holiest flow,
Ev'n here were fondly shed,
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For oh ! though painful be th' excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling, dwells ;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poison'd the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more,
Which thy young heart first knew ?
And all—was all in this world o'er,
With ties thus close and true ?
It was !—On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days,
With memory lay at rest ;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladd'ning, like the breath of spring.

Yet while thy place of weeping still
 Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, 'midst wood and hill,
 The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign ;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
 The impress of the dead,
Think of the love embodied there,
 As of a vision fled ?
A perish'd thing, the joy and flower
And glory of one earthly hour ?

Not so !—I will not bow me so,
 To thoughts that breathe despair !
A loftier faith we need below,
 Life's farewell words to bear.
Mother and child !—Your tears are past—
Surely your hearts have met at last !

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.*

" Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées ! "

I stood beside thy lowly grave ;—
Spring-odors breath'd around,
And music, in the river-wave,
Pass'd with a lulling sound.

* Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of 'Psyche.' Her grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey, that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it.—*Tales by the O'Hara Family.*

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanc'd by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy-bough
That fring'd the ruins near ;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have lov'd so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright, reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring,—
And thou wert pass'd away !

But then, ev'n then a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came ;
Th' immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odors and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth !
What seest thou then where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth ?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep !
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep !

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high ?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 7, line 20, and page 8, line 1.

*When darkness, from the vainly-doting sight,
Covers its beautiful!*

“Wheresoever you are, or in what state soever you be, it sufficeth me you are mine. *Rachel wept, and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else!”—From a letter of Arabella Stuart’s to her husband.—See *Curiosities of Literature*.

Note 2, page 15, lines 13 and 14.

*Death!—what, is death a lock’d and treasur’d thing,
Guarded by swords of fire?*

“And if you remember of old, *I dare die.*—Consider what the world would conceive, if I should be violently enforced to do it.”—*Fragments of her Letters*.

Note 3, page 21, lines 13 and 14.

*And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.*

A Greek bride, on leaving her father's house, takes leave of her friends and relatives frequently in extemporaneous verse.—See Fauriel's *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*.

Note 4, page 57, line 3.

And lov'd when they should hate—like thee, Imelda.

The tale of Imelda is related in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*. Vol. iii, p. 443.

Note 5, page 96, line 9.

Father of ancient waters, roll!

"Father of waters," the Indian name for the Mississippi.

Note 6, page 104, line 21.

And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade.

A beautiful fountain near Domremi, believed to be haunted by fairies, and a favorite resort of Jeanne d'Arc in her childhood.

Note 7, page 107, lines 5 and 6.

But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride

Was she, the lady from the Danube-side.

The Princess Pauline Schwartzenberg. The story of her fate is beautifully related in *L'Allemagne*. Vol. iii, p. 336.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land ?

Marmion.

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand !
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet, in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !
 How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath-hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England !
 By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet-fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God ! *

* Originally published in Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

——— I dreamt thou wert
 A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar
 From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
 Whose image unto thee is as a dream
 Of fire and slaughter ; I can see thee wasting,
 Sick for thy native air.

L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
 Over the crests of the billows far,
 They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
 Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse-king's board,
 By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd,
 The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
 And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme,
Their songs of the sword and the olden time,
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breath'd from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood :—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies,
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half veil'd a depth of unfathom'd wo.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud, pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze ;
No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,
But a token of fever, at strife with death

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crown'd for her bridal day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow,
Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low ;
But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

“ They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land !
of thee !

Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea ?

Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ?—in silence let me die,

In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure deep sapphire sky ;

How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth ?

Its tones, of summer’s breathings born, to the wild winds of the north ?

“ Yet thus it shall be once, once more !—my spirit shall awake,

And through the mists of death shine out, my country !
for thy sake !

That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty, and the light,

And the glory never more to bless thy daughter’s yearning sight !

Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,

Thy soul flow o’er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

“There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but
oh ! their glorious blue !

Its very night is beautiful, with the hyacinth’s deep
hue !

It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing
home,

And arching o’er my vintage-hills, they hang their cloud-
less dome,

And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the
shore,

And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no
more.

“And there are haunts in that green land—oh ! who
may dream or tell,

Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell !

By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy
leaves,

And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled
weaves ;

The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of
its breath,

And the violets gleam like amethysts, from the dewy
moss beneath.

“ And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through
night and day,
Sweet sounds ! the soul to hear them fairs in dreams of
heaven away !
They wander through the olive-woods, and o’er the
shining seas,
They mingle with the orange-scents that load the sleepy
breeze ;
Lute, voice, and bird, are blending there ;—it were a
bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily !

“ *I* may not thus depart—farewell ! yet no, my country !
no !
Is not love stronger than the grave ? I feel it must be so !
My fleeting spirit shall o’ersweep the mountains and the
main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods
again.
Its passion deepens—it prevails !—I break my chain—I
come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air,
my home ! ”

And her pale arms dropp'd the ringing lyre,
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire,
And her dark, rich tresses, in many a fold,
Loos'd from their braids, down her bosom roll'd.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall,—
A silence fell o'er the warrior's hall ;
She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tone ;
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone !

IVAN THE CZAR.

“Ivan le Terrible, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeoit Novogorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affoibli, lui demandèrent s’il ne vouloit pas donner le commandement de l’assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne put l’appaiser ; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d’une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au desespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.”—*Dix Années d’Exil*, par MADAME DE STAËL.

IVAN THE CZAR.

Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss
 Ihn wieder haben ! * * * * *
 * * * * * Trostlose allmacht,
 Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm
 Verlängern, eine kleine Ubereilung
 Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern kann !

SCHILLER.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar ;
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 The leader of the war :
 He had cast his jewell'd sabre,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful dead,
 His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
Through the rich tent made way :
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last of wo and fear
From his full bosom broke ;—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke !
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burden'd with agony.

“ There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath,
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death !

And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honor of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son !

“ Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on *thine* aspect, boy !
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy ?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall ?

I will not bear that still, cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free !
Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee !
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes !
Hath my word lost its power on earth ?
I say to thee, arise !

“ Didst thou not know I lov’d thee well?
Thou didst not ! and art gone
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit !
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart,
That seem’d to thee so stern.

“ Thou wert the first, the first fair child,
That in mine arms I press’d ;
Thou wert the bright one, that hath smil’d
Like summer on my breast ;
I rear’d thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee—dead !

“ Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs ! in my first-born’s grave !

And leave me !—I have conquer'd,
I have slain—my work is done !
Whom have I slain ?—ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son !”

And thus his wild lament was pour'd
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sigh'd ;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.*

* Originally published in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1827.

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.*

Thy cheek too swiftly flushes ; o'er thine eye
 The lights and shadows come and go too fast,
 Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice
 Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
 For peace on earth ; oh ! therefore, child of song !
 'Tis well thou shouldst depart.

A SOUND of music, from amidst the hills,
 Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful sound
 Of mirth, soon lost in wail.—Again it rose,
 And sank in mournfulness.—There sat a bard,
 By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
 Flashing through rock and wood ; the sunset's light

* Founded on a circumstance related of the Irish Bard, in the
Percy Anecdotes of Imagination.

Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,
And the wind's whisper in the mountain-ash,
Whose clusters droop'd above. His head was bow'd,
His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch
Had drawn but broken strains ; and many stood,
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
Th' unchaining of his soul, the gush of song :
Many, and graceful forms ! yet one alone
Seem'd present to his dream ; and she indeed,
With her pale, virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
Ev'n painfully !—a creature to behold
With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen
Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
Too dim without its brightness !—Did such fear
O'ershadow, in that hour, the gifted one,
By his own rushing stream ?—Once more he gaz'd
Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
A few short festive notes, an opening strain
Of bridal melody, soon dashed with grief,
As if some wailing spirit in the strings

Met and o'ermaster'd him : but yielding then
To the strong prophet-impulse, mournfully,
Like moaning waters, o'er the harp he pour'd
The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang—

Voice of the grave !
I hear thy thrilling call ;
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
In the sear leaf's trembling fall !
In the shiver of the tree,
I hear thee, O thou voice !
And I would thy warning were but for me,
That my spirit might rejoice.

But thou art sent
For the sad earth's young and fair,
For the graceful heads that have not bent
To the wintry hand of care !
They hear the wind's low sigh,
And the river sweeping free,
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
And the woods—but they hear not thee !

Long have I striven
With my deep foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,
And darkly on must roll.
There 's a young brow smiling near,
With a bridal white-rose wreath,—
Unto *me* it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touch'd solemnly by death !

Fair art thou, Morna !
The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark-blue summer sky !
And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful round—
But soon it must be still !

Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie,
Make not the strength of love thy trust,
A stronger yet is nigh !

No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge-notes wild and low,
Its ringing tones have died.

Young art thou, Morna !
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed !
And the glance is thine which sees
Through nature's awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer-breeze,
And thou, too, must depart !

Yet shall I weep ?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too deep,
Too powerful for thy rest !
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's breath—
Go, all undimm'd, in thy glory go !
Young and crown'd bride of death !

Take hence to heaven
Thy holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not given
For the touch of mortal blight !
Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be !
But the spring shall give us violets back,
And every flower but thee !

There was a burst of tears around the bard :
All wept but one, and she serenely stood,
With her clear brow and dark, religious eye,
Rais'd to the first faint star above the hills,
And cloudless ; though it might be that her cheek
Was paler than before.—So Morna heard
The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring return'd,
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,
All, save the loveliest far ! A voice, a smile,
A young sweet spirit gone.

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

O good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
As You Like It.

FALL'N was the House of Giafar ; and its name,
The high romantic name of Barmecide,
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
Had so pass'd sentence : but man's chainless heart
Hides that within its depths, which never yet
Th' oppressor's thought could reach.

"Twas desolate

Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceas'd ;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii-tales,
Had ceas'd ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
Was there—the fountain's ; through these eastern courts,
Over the broken marble and the grass,
Its low, clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ;—an aged man,
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
His silvery hair, came, day by day, and sate
On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
He told that sad yet stately solitude,
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,
By song or high recital of their deeds,
Bright solemn shadows of its vanish'd race
To people their own halls : with these alone,
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts

Held still unbroken converse. He had been
Rear'd in this lordly dwelling, and was now
The ivy of its ruins ; unto which
His fading life seem'd bound. Day roll'd on day,
And from that scene the loneliness was fled !
For crowds around the grey-hair'd chronicler
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze
Wanders through forest-branches, and is met
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
The spirit of his passionate lament,
As through their stricken souls it pass'd, awoke
One echoing murmur.—But this might not be
Under a despot's rule, and summon'd thence,
The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne :
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
And with his white lips rigidly compress'd ;
Till, in submissive tones, he ask'd to speak
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
Was it to sue for grace ?—his burning heart
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,
And he was changed !—and thus, in rapid words,
Th' o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death,
found way.

“ And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the
brave,
With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to
the grave ?
What is there left to look on now, what brightness in
the land ?—
I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely
band !

“ My chiefs ! my chiefs ! the old man comes, that in
your halls was nurs'd,
That follow'd you to many a fight, where flash'd your
sabres first ;
That bore your children in his arms, your name upon
his heart—
Oh ! must the music of that name with him from earth
depart ?

“ It shall not be !—a thousand tongues, though human
voice were still,
With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall
fill ;

The wind's free flight shall bear it on, as wandering
seeds are sown,
And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and
thrilling tone.

“ For it is not as a flower whose scent with the drop-
ping leaves expires,
And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should
quench its fires ;
It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the
sword,
It hath left upon our desert-sands a light in blessings
pour'd.

“ The founts, the many gushing founts, which to the
wild ye gave,
Of you, my chiefs, shall sing aloud, as they pour a joy-
ous wave ;
And the groves, with whose deep, lovely gloom ye hung
the pilgrim's way,
Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on
the day.

“ The very walls your bounty rear’d, for the stranger’s
homeless head,
Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious
dead !
Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute
and cittern rung,
And the serpent in your palaces lie coil’d amidst its
young.

“ It is enough ! mine eye no more of joy or splendor
sees,
I leave your name, in lofty faith, to the skies and to the
breeze !
I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright
and fair,
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs,
are there ! ”

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O’er Haroun’s eyes had gathered, and a thought—

Oh ! many a sudden and remorseful thought
Of his youth's once-lov'd friends, the martyr'd race,
O'erflow'd his softening heart.—“ Live, live ! ” he
cried,
“ Thou faithful unto death ! live on, and still
Speak of thy lords : they *were* a princely band ! ”

THE SPANISH CHAPEL.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
MOON.

I MADE a mountain-brook my guide,
 Through a wild Spanish glen,
 And wander'd on its grassy side,
 Far from the homes of men.

*Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Recollections of the Peninsula*.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply-bosom'd grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below,
Check'd its exulting play ;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom, and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt :

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet !
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
Even at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep ?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's eye,
And silken lashes press'd,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie,
With such a weight of rest !

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heap'd beside.

I stoop'd—the smooth, round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead !

“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ fair faded thing !
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a wo, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years ! ”

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turn'd, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger ! thou pitiest me," she said,
With lips that faintly smiled,
"As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to Heaven !"

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

The prison'd thrush may brook the cage,
The captive eagle dies for rage.

Lady of the Lake.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound !
And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion ! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice—he still !

“ I knew ’twas a trumpet’s note !
And I see my brethren’s lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float ! ”
Cease awhile, clarion ! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive’s voice—be still !

“ I am here, with my heavy chain !
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host, to its battle-plain ! ”
Cease awhile, clarion ! Clarion wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive’s voice—be still !

“ Must I pine in my fetters here ?
With the wild wave’s foam, and the free bird’s flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear ? ”
Cease awhile, clarion ! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive’s voice—be still !

“They are gone ! they have all pass’d by !
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I lov’d with a brother’s heart,
They have left me here to die ! ”
Sound again, clarion ! Clarion, pour thy blast !
Sound ! for the captive’s dream of hope is past.

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire, (in the 12th century,) that unfortunate Prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother, Matilda, privately invited his children to return to Germany; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the Castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—Miss BINGER's *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high ;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy :
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand ?
And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band ?

The strings were hush'd—the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them ev'n to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood ;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood :
And " Speak, my mother ! speak ! " he cried,
" Wherefore this mourning vest ?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest ? "

" Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son !
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one !
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see !

“ And where is he, thy brother, where ?
 He in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
 Ever to greet thee flew ?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
 His fond lips press thy brow !
My son ! oh, call these orphans thine—
 Thou hast no brother now !

“ What ! from their gentle eyes doth nought
 Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
 Of thy dead father's towers ?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
 When rear'd together there,
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
 Where is thy brother—where ?

“ Well didst thou love him then, and he
 Still at thy side was seen ;
How is it that such things can be,
 As though they ne'er had been ?

Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave !
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave.

“ And let them, let them there be pour'd !
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restor'd,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh ! death is mighty to make peace ;
Now bid his work be done !
So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son ! ”

His eye was dimm'd—the strong man shook
With feelings long suppress'd ;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight ;
And eyes were wet, 'midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

ULLA, OR THE ADJURATION.

Yet speak to me ! I have outwatch'd the stars,
 And gaz'd o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.
 Speak to me ! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
 And never found thy likeness.—Speak to me !
 This once—once more !

Manfred.

“ THOU 'RT gone !—thou 'rt slumbering low,
 With the sounding seas above thee ;
 It is but a restless wo,
 But a haunting dream to love thee !
 Thrice the glad swan has sung,
 To greet the spring-time hours,
 Since thine oar at parting flung
 The white spray up in showers.

There 's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round
thy home ;
Come to me from the ocean's dead !—thou 'rt surely of
them—come !”

'Twas Ulla's voice—alone she stood
In the Iceland summer night,
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
From a dark rock's beetling height.

“ I know thou hast thy bed
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound thee ;
The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hush'd around thee.
What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou 'rt lying ?
Come to me thence, and say
If thou thought'st on me in dying ?
I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and
cheek—
Come to me from the ocean's dead !—thou 'rt surely of
them—speak !”

She listened—'twas the wind's low moan,
 'Twas the ripple of the wave,
 'Twas the wakening ospray's cry alone
 As it started from its cave.

“ I know each fearful spell
 Of the ancient Runic lay,
Whose mutter'd words compel
 The tempest to obey.
But I adjure not *thee*
 By magic sign or song,
My voice shall stir the sea
 By love,—the deep, the strong !
By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her
 sighs,
Come to me from the ocean's dead—by the vows we
 pledg'd—arise !”

Again she gaz'd with an eager glance,
 Wandering and wildly bright ;—
She saw but the sparkling waters dance
 To the arrowy northern light,

“ By the slow and struggling death
Of hope that loath'd to part,
By the fierce and withering breath
Of despair on youth's high heart ;
By the weight of gloom which clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Nought lovely to the sight,
By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of
grief and fear,
Come to me from the ocean's dead—awake, arise, ap-
pear !”

Was it her yearning spirit's dream,
Or did a pale form rise,
And o'er the hush'd wave glide and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful eyes ?

“ Have the depths heard ?—they have !
My voice prevails—thou 'rt there,
Dim from thy watery grave,
Oh ! thou that wert so fair !

Yet take me to thy rest !
There dwells no fear with love ;
Let me slumber on thy breast,
While the billow rolls above !
Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright
ones have their home,
We will sleep among the ocean's dead—stay for me,
stay !—I come !”

There was a sullen plunge below,
A flashing on the main,
And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's wo,
Shut—and grew still again.

THE EFFIGIES.

Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann :
 Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.
 Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen
 Der überbleibnen, der verlass'nen Frau,
 Zählt keine Nachwelt.

GOETHE.

WARRIOR ! whose image on thy tomb,
 With shield and crested head,
 Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
 By the stain'd window shed ;
 The records of thy name and race
 Have faded from the stone,
 Yet, through a cloud of years I trace
 What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear
Flung out o'er many a fight,
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight ;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine ;
A haughty heart and a kingly glance—
Chief ! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council-board ;
In festive halls a chair of state
When the blood-red wine was pour'd ;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard ;—
Surely these things were all thine own,
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman ! whose sculptur'd form at rest
By the arm'd knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes array'd ;

What was *thy* tale?—Oh ! gentle mate
Of him, the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee* ?

He wooed a bright and burning star—
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that follow'd far
His fast receding plume ;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze ;
The pang—but when did *Fame* take heed
Of griefs obscure as these ?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy broider'd flowers,
With spirit far away ;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains,
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine !—long years
With tasks unguerdon'd fraught,
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought ;
Prayer at the cross in fervor pour'd,
Alms to the pilgrim given—
Oh ! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven !

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

And alight, withal, may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever ;—it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
 A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—
 Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

Childe Harold.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
 Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
 And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
 From some bright former state, our own no more ;
 Is not this all a mystery ?—Who shall say
 Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their
 way ?

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why ;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by,
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
A flower-scent floating past our parents' door ;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown ;
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart ?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread ;
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear,—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear ?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That oftentimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone which nought can drown or still,
'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest ;
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall ?
Why shakes the spirit thus ?—'tis mystery all !

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not ;
Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think,
Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind ;
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
Th' immortal being with our dust entwin'd ?—
So let us deem ! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

THE PALM-TREE.*

It wav'd not through an Eastern sky,
 Beside a fount of Araby ;
 It was not fann'd by southern breeze
 In some green isle of Indian seas,
 Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
 O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exil'd Palm-tree grew
 'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;
 Through the laburnum's dropping gold
 Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
 And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
 Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

*This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of
Les Jardins.

Strange look'd it there !—the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd ;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's Tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers :
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colors flung,
And bright forms glanc'd—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless all of dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree there.

And slowly, sadly, mov'd his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms :
He pass'd the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fring'd the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore ;—
All through his wakening bosom swept :
He clasp'd his country's Tree and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not !—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear !

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

Thou giv'st me flowers, thou giv'st me songs ;—bring back
The love that I have lost !

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring ?—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Ev'n as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south-wind hath pierc'd the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood-anemone ;
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring !
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart ?

Too much, oh! there too much!—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet rous'd by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! mid'st the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breath'd by our loved ones *there*!

THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

THE hills all glow'd with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoic'd by night :
There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
Banners were lifted and streaming free ;
Every tall pillar was wreath'd with fire,
Like a shooting meteor was every spire ;
And the outline of many a dome on high
Was trac'd, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I pass'd through the streets ; there were throngs on
throngs—
Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs ;
There was music forth from each palace borne—
A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn ;

The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang !
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain ?
Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain !
Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
Grief in the homes they have left must dwell ;
Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's head :
Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender
moan,
For the many brave to their slumbers gone ?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare !
I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
The music of victory was all too loud !

Mighty it roll'd on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car ;
Through torches and streamers its flood swept by—
How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

Turn then away from life's pageants, turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn !
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.
But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true ;
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal—
So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits when most brief.

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd ;
 By the household tree through which thine eye
 First look'd in love to the summer-sky ;
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
 Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
 Holy and precious—oh ! guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream ;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves,
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth ;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told ;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind " Good-night ;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.

It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land ;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away ;
When the sullyng breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home ;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

Roma, Roma, Roma !
Non è più come era prima.

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
 As gods were seen—
 Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
 As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise :
 What hast thou left thee now ?—
 Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright !
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With color'd light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome, for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress-bough,
 Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the South's rich gift
Of sudden song,
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
 With queenly tread ;
 Thou hast proud fanes above
 Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
 A mournful mien :—
 Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
 As thou hast been !

THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far ;
And yet that splendor wins thee not,—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark, distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee !—o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods ;
A fire hath touch'd the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods !

A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light ;—
What spell, from that rich pageantry,
Chains down thy gazing sight ?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling link'd to earth !
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
The lov'd of many a hearth ?
Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below ;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe.

Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way,
For human hearts are there.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?
—“ We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

“ We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd—
Silent they lie, with the deserts round !
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome.”

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?
—" We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
—And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built !"

Oh ! joyous birds, it hath still been so ;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go !
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?

" A change we have found there—and many a change !
Faces and footsteps and all things strange !
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd,—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair ?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last !

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate; and the nervous anxiety with which he labored to fulfil the task, had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

These birds of Paradise but long to see
Back to their native mansion.

Prophecy of Dante.

A REQUIEM !—and for whom ?
For beauty in its bloom ?
For valor fall'n—a broken rose or sword ?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume, deplor'd ?

Not so, it is not so !
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange, mysterious tone ;
A solemn funeral air
It call'd me to prepare,
And my heart answer'd secretly—My own !

One more then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain
Mighty the troubled spirit to inthral !
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay—the last of all !

The last !—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound !
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found !

Yet have I known it long :
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been th' o'ermastering flame ;
Swift thoughts, that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul ;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll !

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast ;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
That breathes from worlds unknown ?—
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more, then, one more strain,
To earthly joy and pain
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell !
I pour each fervent thought,
With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.*

THOU thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony !

Temple and tower have moulder'd,
Empires from earth have pass'd,—
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast !

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrin'd,
Survives the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart !
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part !

Haply of that fond bosom,
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child !
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought remain'd
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better then to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one !
From that impassion'd grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal

Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—

It must, it *must* be so !

FAIRY FAVORS.

—— Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart ;
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
 Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDST thou wear the gift of immortal bloom ?
 Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb ?
 Drink of this cup ; it is richly fraught
 With balm from the gardens of genii brought ;
 Drink, and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
 When the young all scatter'd like rose-leaves lie.

“ And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
 If the loved had left me one by one ?
 Take back the cup that may never bless,
 The gift that would make me brotherless !
 How should I live, with no kindred eye
 To reflect mine immortality ? ”

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,
Over the mighty in air that dwell?
Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep
To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

“ And would not fear, at my coming, then
Hush every voice in the homes of men?
Would not bright eyes in my presence quail?
Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale?
No gift be mine that aside would turn
The human love for whose founts I yearn ! ”

Wouldst thou then read through the hearts of those
Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose?
Wear this rich gem ! it is charm'd to show
When a change comes over affection's glow ;
Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or true !

“Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
Though my heart’s wealth be but pour’d on dust !
Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
To dim the light of a loved one’s face ;
Leave to the earth its warm, sunny smile—
That glory would pass could I look on guile !”

Say then what boon of my power shall be,
Favor’d of spirits ! pour’d forth on thee ?
Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal’s lot to rest—
Answer me ! how may I grace it best ?

“Oh ! give me no sway o’er the powers unseen,
But a human heart where my own may lean !
A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
Whose thoughts’ free current with mine may blend,
And leaving not either on earth alone,
Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be one !”

A PARTING SONG.

“ Oh ! mes amis, rappelez vous quelquefois mes vers ; mon âme y est empreinte.”—CORINNE.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends ?

When will ye think of me ?

When the last red light, the farewell of day,

From the rock and the river is passing away,

When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,

And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought—

Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, kind friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—

When the rose of the rich midsummer time

Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime ;

When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may
tread ;

Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet friends ?

When will ye think of me ?

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye

At the sound of some olden melody ;

When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,

When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream ;

Then let it be !

Thus let my memory be with you, friends !

Thus ever think of me !

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 't is well to be fled and gone ;

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found ;—

So let it be.

THE END.



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